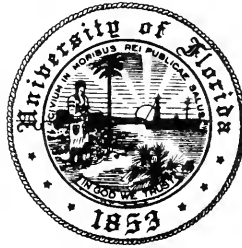




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**CLARASTELLA**



# *Clarastella*

Together with

Poems occasional,  
Elegies, Epigrams,

Satyrs  
(1650)

by

Robert Heath

*A Facsimile Reproduction*

*with an Introduction*

by

Frederick H. Candelaria

Gainesville, Florida

Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints

1970

**SCHOLARS' FACSIMILES & REPRINTS**

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**HARRY R. WARFEL, GENERAL EDITOR**



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# Introduction

## I

Robert Heath may be better known to readers of seventeenth-century lyrics than they themselves first realize. In spite of the fact that very little is definitely known and only a little more conjectured about Heath,<sup>1</sup> some of his poetry has been available not only in several research libraries,<sup>2</sup> but also in an important seventeenth-century manuscript,<sup>3</sup> and in some modern collections, including, among others, *The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse*.<sup>4</sup>

Putting aside the curiosity that we may know more of Heath than we think we do, there remains the question of the value of cultivating this slight familiarity. Why read *Clarastella*? In *The Tragic Comedians* James Hall may have given us an answer: "If quality is the issue, the best works of 'minor' writers are better than all but the best works of major ones. The specialist often has his own reasons for concentrating on established figures, but the reader who reads for the work itself loses by ignoring the

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<sup>1</sup>In addition to the 289 verses collected here, Heath wrote Latin verse prefixed to Gabriel Dugres's *Grammaticae Gallicae Compendium* (1636), and he may also be the R. H. who wrote *Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems* (1659), as A. H. Bullen points out in his entry on the poet in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. IX, p. 349. William Cole in *Athenae Cambrigiensis* in the British Museum manuscript collection (Add 5871, 172v), provides only the information about Heath's Latin verse and the comment that Heath, a gentleman, "as he styles himself," was born in London and entered Corpus Christi College, Cam-

lesser ones." Viewed in this light, Robert Heath's work appropriately should appear where readers can easily find it because *Clarastella* is poetry truly representative of its time. To begin with this premise is not to claim too much; we can all admit that Heath is a fairly typical writer of his time and that reading his collected works should give us a sense of the general temper of the age.

bridge, in 1634. The only other seventeenth-century reference to Heath is in Edward Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum* (London: Charles Smith, 1675), quoted in the text.

<sup>2</sup>Donald Wing, *Short-Title Catalog of Books Printed in . . . 1641-1700*, lists *Clarastella* as item 1338 and indicates where copies may be found. As I pointed out in *Notes and Queries*, ns. VII (February 1960), p. 64, Mr. Wing appeared to confound Sir Robert Heath and Robert Heath, Esq. As the entry read, Sir Robert received credit not only for his own far more numerous works, but also for the volume of poems.

<sup>3</sup>Oxford, Bodleian, Ms. Mus. b. 1 is fully described by John P. Cutts, "Seventeenth-Century Lyrics," *Musica Disciplina*, X (1956), pp. 142-209. This manuscript includes four poems by Heath.

<sup>4</sup>See, for some notable examples, the unsigned review article, "Heath's *Clarastella*," *Retrospective Review*, II (1820), pp. 227-238, possibly by the editor, Henry Southern, which includes 11 selections from *Clarastella* and one from *Poems occasional*. William G. Hutchinson wrote a very brief introduction to *Robert Heath: Poems and Songs* (Hull: J. R. Tutin, 1905) for the Orinda Booklets (Extra Series), II, and using G. Thorn Drury's copy of *Clarastella*, he published 23 of the poems. H. J. Massingham includes four of the poems in *A Treasury of Seventeenth-Century English Verse* (London: Macmillan, 1926). In *Seventeenth-Century Lyrics from the Original Texts* (New York: Longmans, 1928), Norman Ault prints three of Heath's poems, and later in *A Treasury of Unfamiliar Lyrics* (1938), he prints "To her at departure under the title of the poem's first line, "They Err." R. C. Bald includes one poem by Heath in his popular university anthology, *Seventeenth-Century English Poetry* (New York: Harper, 1959). And so on. But it is worth noting that Sir Herbert Grierson and Geoffrey Bullough in the *Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse* give Heath nine pages as compared to the eleven they devote to Lovelace.

The masterpieces by the giants of the period are "not of an age, but for all time."

Historical relevance and the persistence of Heath's presence are an index to the modest power of his verse. Today, Herrick and the Cavalier poets stand much taller in our esteem than they did when not too many years ago we were overwhelmed by our rediscovery of Donne and the Metaphysicals. Our greater appreciation of the minor poets and the constant critical association of Heath with his better known peers should warn us against dismissing him out of hand. Edward Phillips furnishes us some contemporary evidence of the relative appeal of Heath's poetry when he writes notes first about Heath and then about Herrick. For Phillips the two poets are equals. He describes Heath as "the Author of a Book of Poems, which about 20 years ago came forth under the Title of *Clarastella*; the ascribed title of that Celebrated Lady, who is suppos'd to have been both the Inspirer and chief subject of them." Phillips then begins the association of the two poets picked up by later writers when in commenting on Herrick he alludes to Heath. Ben's most famous and devoted Son is "a writer of Poems of much about the same standing and the same Rank in fame with the last mention'd [i.e., Heath], though not particularly influenc't by any Nymph or Goddess, except his *Maid Pru*."

Phillips's early linking of Heath and Herrick (which may be more an alphabetical coincidence than we can ever know) is probably a good way to think of Heath and to approach his poetry. L. C. Martin prints eighteen poems "Attributed to 'R. H.' in a Seventeenth-Century Manuscript" in his definitive edition of Robert Herrick on the supposition that they may likely be by Herrick; however, R. G. Howarth plausibly attributes these verses to Robert Heath.<sup>5</sup> This room for doubt may underlie

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<sup>5</sup>*The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick*, edited by L. C. Martin

Phillips's (to us) slighting comparison of Herrick to Heath. There are certainly inferior poems in Herrick's vast canon, and mediocre ones too; Heath's poems are often better than those Herrick did not blot, though on the whole Herrick is so far superior to Heath as to make a detailed comparison unnecessary. Perhaps A. H. Bullen is fairer than Phillips when he concludes his article on Heath in the *Dictionary of National Biography* with another comparison that probably strikes us as also being rather undeserved when he says that "Some of the poems addressed to 'Clarastella' are hardly inferior to Carew's best love-verses."<sup>6</sup>

Perhaps we should check our conditioned skepticism by recalling that in fact we usually remember Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Waller, and hosts of other minor lyrists whose names we *know* we know only on the basis of a very few poems. The comparisons of Heath's work to the poetry of Herrick and Carew suggested by Phillips and Bullen and implicit in the studies of the attributions by Martin and Howarth should indicate that *Clarastella* is of somewhat more than mere historical significance. But if these comparisons impress us as flattering Heath too much, the generally damning tone of the *Retrospective Review* might restore our prejudices—were it not that the anonymous author of the article rather consistently (if condescendingly) praises the worst of Heath's poems while denigrating those that are more likely to appeal to twentieth-century sensibilities; for example, he quotes "*To Clarastella*" (p. 51)<sup>7</sup> to show Heath's "higher order of poetry [that] combine[s] with exquisite ease of versification considerable moral beauty." A mod-

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(Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1956), pp. 423-439. R. G. Howarth, "Attributions to Herrick," *Notes and Queries*, ns. V (June 1958), p. 249.

<sup>6</sup>*D.N.B.*, IX, p. 349.

<sup>7</sup>The page references are to the text of this present edition.



ern reader would note that the verse, an obviously conventional idealization of the beloved, is as empty as the hollow petrarchisms still attempted in this poem—including the inevitable pun on the beloved's name and "the bright star-light of each eie." Much the same could be said about "*A Pastoral Protest of Love by Damon to Stella*" (pp. 62-63), which is praised without embarrassment as "pretty." Though extolling Heath's "natural vein" in "*To Clarastella. Loves Silence*" (p. 22), the writer fails to appreciate the borrowed wit of "On a Flea-bite espied on her fair hand" (p. 24), which (for us) is naturally dominated by echoes of Donne's "*The Flea*." It is curious that the critic for the *Retrospective Review* should show such a different preference in poems from us when he begins his article with a statement we could applaud: he is vehement about the general emptiness of the conventions of Caroline love poetry.<sup>8</sup> Sir George Saintsbury is closer to the mark, but he is somewhat too severely negative in tone in calling Heath "a sort of average representative of style and time who, sometimes, a little transcends the mediocre." Douglas Bush, as always, is humanely fair in justly describing *Clarastella* as "respectable but not distinguished."<sup>9</sup>

It is best to read *Clarastella* with an awareness of our double vision: we read Heath's Poetry because Art is eternally relevant; we read his verse for the relationships it has with the past. His verse is essentially the artifice made by the tradition; it is not the Poetry of a transcendent individual talent.

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<sup>8</sup>In his own nineteenth-century way, the reviewer anticipates what A. Alvarez and Marius Bewley say in analyzing Lovelace's "La Bella Bona-Roba," cited in *The School of Donne* (Toronto: Mentor, 1967; reprint), pp. 53-55.

<sup>9</sup>*Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII (London: Cambridge, 1961 reprint), p. 88 and the *Oxford History of English Literature*, V (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1962. Second edition, revised.), p. 129.

## II

In addition to the fifty-seven poems in *Clarastella*, Humphrey Moseley printed twenty-three *Poems occasional*, twelve *Elegies*, 193 *Epigrams*, and four *Satyrs*. The *Satyrs* is the only group of poems in this book without a separate title page. The fact the *Satyrs* alone has no title page does suggest the possibility that Moseley may have meant to publish each of the groups of poems separately. In dealing with the *Satyrs* he may have considered publishing them together with the *Epigrams* for the reasons mentioned below; or at that point he may have decided to publish all the poetry together, which he did, making a separate title page for the *Satyrs* unnecessary.

"Satyr 1" is distinguishable from the rest only in its passing use of Greek and its gloss referring us to Du Bartas. All the *Satyrs* have a thumping rhythm that rings with deafing monotony on the ear, but at their best the poems can accommodate this addiction to stiff pentameter couplets to a certain broad humor. They point forward more to the Restoration than they look back to Jonson or Donne.

Though the *Satyrs* try to give us a picture of the follies of the time, Heath writes more comfortably about things around and of more genuine concern to him in the smaller scope of his *Epigrams*. He treats the conventional topics of the epigrammatist, and he writes in his accustomed thumping couplets, but among the nearly 200 epigrams he does have some good verses mingling with the bad majority. The better poems tell of his awareness of Jonson's pre-eminence in writing the "English Epigram," his feeling of superiority "*To W. B. a smal Poet*," his friendships with Mr. H. N. and T. S. Esquire. There are several epigrams directed "*To the Reader*." Perhaps the fact that Heath prefaced only the *Epigrams* with a

letter "To the Reader" and divided the poems into two books, interspersing throughout those several verses "*To the Reader*" may suggest that he definitely planned to print this collection, possibly along with the *Satyr*s since there is the satirical and formal connection between the *Epigrams* and the *Satyr*s, and there is no separate title page for the latter.

The *Elegies* probably tell us more about Heath's associates than any other group of his poems, for they are all but one upon the deaths of his friends, and the one exception is on a musician's loss of three fingers in the Civil War. Heath laments the death of another musician, "... W. Lawes, *slain in this unhappy Civil Warr.*" His friend, T. S. *Esquire*, whom he praised in an epigram is mourned here as one of the victims of "*the first fight at Newbery, 1645.*" The four women to whom he pays final tribute are identified only by their initials like his friend T. S. and the mutilated musician, but all the other men are fully identified: Sir Bevil Grenvil, Ed. Sackvil, *Esquire*, Lord Bernard Stewart, and the most famous of all, Mr. W[illiam] Lawes, who was also elegized by Herrick, good friend to both William and Henry Lawes.

The *Elegies* and a few of the *Poems occasional*<sup>10</sup> are the most "historical documents" a reader can use imaginatively to reconstruct Heath's world: London, Cambridge, the War, a Royalist's yearning for peace, and his lamentations on the deaths of his friends. Humphrey Moseley's preface to the entire collection, "The Stationer To the Reader," states that he, not Heath, is responsible for publishing the book. The first line of the commendatory poem by G. H. suggests that Heath was out of the country when the collection was issued in 1650—proba-

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<sup>10</sup>"*On the unusual cold and rainie weather in the Summer. 1648*" (p. 9), "*To a Friend wishing peace*" (p. 20), "*Song in a siege*" (p. 22), and "*On the Creeple souldiers marching in Oxford in the Lord Thr. Cottington's Companie*" (p. 23).

bly a prudent absence for one late in the service of the recently executed King.

However, it is not Heath's historical world as glimpsed explicitly or implicitly in his poems that holds our attention for long; rather it is his virtual world, the world of his imagination that re-creates for us at least a small portion of that rich landscape of seventeenth-century literature. A survey of the *Satyrs*, *Epigrams*, *Elegies*, and *Poems occasional* brings us back somewhat more grateful to Clarastella than when we left her singing, dancing, catching cold, playing the lute, walking in the snow or in her garden, being frightened by a cat's eyes in the dark, threatening to go to a nunnery, complaining of her lover's long kisses or just watching her sleeping. Sometimes this little world of the enclosed love garden cloyes with too much sweetness, but then we come upon those poems where saccharine artifice is occasionally redeemed by a lively sensuality—if never quite with the passionately intelligent Art of Donne or Jonson—and we appreciate *Clarastella*.

For funds that supported this study, I thank the Office of Scientific and Scholarly Research of the University of Oregon, the Canada Council, and the President's Research Grants Committee of Simon Fraser University. I am grateful for the help I have received from Donald M. Friedman, the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, the British Museum, and the libraries of the University of Oregon, the University of British Columbia, and Simon Fraser University.

FREDERICK H. CANDELARIA

*Simon Fraser University  
Burnaby (Vancouver), B. C.  
Canada*

# Claraftella;

Together with

{ *Poems occasional,*  
*Elegies,*  
*Epigrams,*  
*Satyr.*

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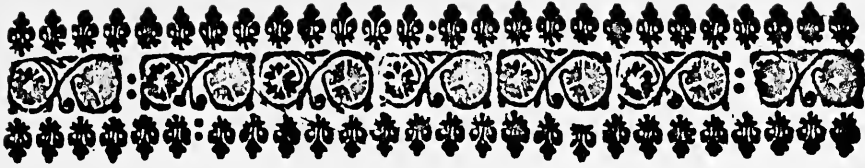
By Robert Heath, *Esquire.*

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LONDON,

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and are to be sold at his Shop at the  
figne of the Princes Arms in *S. Pauls*  
Church-yard, 1 6 5 0.





THE  
STATIONER  
To the Reader.

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*Gentlemen,*



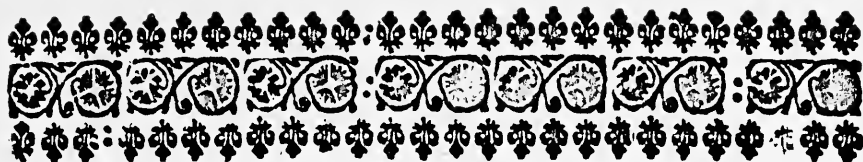
Dare I presume upon your Candour in the Entertainment of these Poems; otherwise I should despair of the Authours mercy; I confess my presumption great, that have ventured to the Press without his knowledge; but the gallantness and Ingenuity of the

Gentleman is so Eminent in every thing, that I could not imagine, but that the meanest of his recreations, ( for such was this ) might carry much in it, worthy of the publick view : besides the approbation of some friends hath heightened my desire of publishing it ; who ( upon their revising of it ) do assure mee, that it is a *sweet piece of excellent fancie*, and worthy to be called the Authours own issue. Upon this Confidence, I expose it to the world, and remain.

*Your faithfull servant in this  
or any other way,*

H. MOSELEY.





# To my honoured friend M<sup>r</sup> R.H. on his rich *Poems* and *Satyrs*.

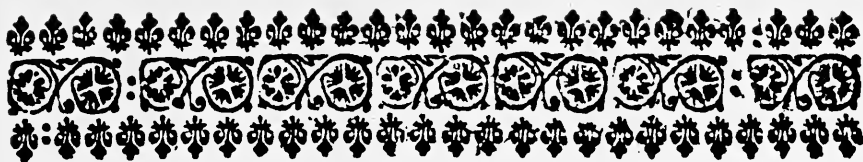
**T**Hou'rt gone, and yet Thou'rt here, to let us see  
The pow'r of verse, how't makes Ubiquitie :  
Thus th' husbandman away the Harvest bears,  
And leav's the Poor to glean som scatter'd ears;  
Thus we enjoy the Tap-wort of thy Muse,  
Whilst others quaff off thy Diviner juyce :  
That thou wilt drop these Crums, 'tis Comfort yet  
To them that Cann't deserve thy Cates to eat ;  
Thy Dainties are for forreign pallats, wee  
Are bless'd with scraps, That too, no thank to thee ;  
For had not Fate, or Providence thrown us These,  
Hunger had been our Fare — and without Ease.  
But I have seen thy choycest cheer, and wish  
Thy severall Arts to th'making up one dish :  
Thy rich Composures. I have seen Thee Frame  
Varietie in that, which was the same :  
But much-good-dō't-you Friends ! for wee're not right,  
Either in Pallat, or in Appetite.  
Ne'r fewer Raptures in an Age, less wit,  
Less Judgement, Fancie, Poetry, and yet  
Th'unthrifty Science ne'r more credit gain'd,  
Nor Poesie in greater triumph raign'd :  
The Laurel fades on Mercenary browes,  
But on the neck of Honour spreads her boughes.

*When Salary and profit rul'd the Age,  
 Some few, would, now and then, ride post, a stage;  
 But Now 'tis otherwise -- the Nobler steed  
 Fames fleetest Coursers, Pegasus own breed  
 Do stately prounce 'bout Helicons Lov'd Brink,  
 And at the Muses-well would daily drink.  
 The Alteration of the Times is such,  
 Great ones turn Poets now -- and so grow rich.  
 All witt at Livery stood before, but now  
 The Gentry are at leisure, a Lord too  
 Can spare his great attendance, whilst hee sits  
 And Votes -- Happy the man 'Can live by's wits.  
 And such art Thou -----  
 Had'st thou breath'd, then, thine Ayres, so pure and free  
 Tb'adst won the VVench, that now enjoy'st the Tree;  
 Apollo, then, would ha' been forc'd t' resign,  
 His Courtship ( friend ) would have come short of Thine;  
 The greater favour, thine, I take to bee,  
 While Hee grasps Her, shee twines Her Arms 'bout Thee.*

G.H.

---

Poems



## POEMS, &c.

---

### *The Temple of Virtue.*



Each me an Eagles plume ! or take  
 From *Mercurie's* Æthereal wing  
 Some highborn quill my pen to make,  
 Whilst I of Virtue sing !  
 Th'Imperial Bay which Poets wore  
 In *Saturn's* age, and humbly grew  
 From base ignoble earth, is poore ;  
 My Temples some more new  
 Unheard-of garland shall invest ;  
 One of *Apollo's* burnish'd hair  
 Twisted with threds of life, and drest  
 With *Sol's* bright raies, Ile weare.  
 Hence all prophaner ears ! my Lyre  
 Exalted to Seraphick height,  
 Ecchoes streins worthy such a Quire,  
 And scorns a lower flight.  
 Mounted me thinks on *Pegasus*,  
 From the despis'd world I flie  
 Aloft in clouds, where soaring thus  
 I view this Deitie.  
 There sits she crown'd in glorious state,  
 And whitest robes of Innocence ;  
 Not in that poore despis'd estate  
 As she was banisht hence.

## 4

## Claraſtella.

I'th' miſt of a fair temple, there  
 Unto her Honour conſecrate,  
 Her handmaids 'bout her Royal chair  
     Adorn'd with Trophies wait.  
 Oh did blind mortals but behold,  
 How ſhe diſpenſeth gifts each where  
 To her attendants, I'd be bold  
     They would with greater care  
 Serve at her Altars ! but alas !  
 They fondly ſleight her here below,  
 And think her nothing worth, becauſe  
     Shce doth ſo meanly go.  
 They do not know what Conqueſt 'tis  
 To have o'rcome one Rebel vice,  
 What crowns of joy he purchaſes  
     Who gets ſuch victories.  
*Virtue* rewardeth ſure, though late ;  
 Who growes ſoon rich by policie  
 And thriving Arts, doth purchaſe hate,  
     And robs his market, he  
 Thus by foreſtalling it. Light gains  
 Make heavie purſes : Honeltie  
 That doth it ſelf reward, diſdains  
     Boones oft in modeſtie.  
 For *Virtues* ſake lets her aſſect  
 And not for praiſe or benefit  
 Accruing thence, ſuch by-reſpect  
     Robs both our ſelves, and it.  
 Oh what a glorious Court doth there  
 Of all the *Graces Virtues* too  
 In female ſhape and dreſſe appear !  
     As if they would out-doe  
 The Heav'ns in ſplendour, and confine  
 All worth unto that ſex ! behold  
 Where *Modeſtie* in bluſh divine  
     With Roſes ſet in gold  
 Triumphant ſhines ! and cloſe by her,  
*Silence* that Pythagorean grace

# Claraſtella.

5

Hee taught his ſcholars, but by far  
     More becomes female race.  
 Next her ſits *Innocence* arrai'd  
 In ſnow-white robes, and on her head  
 A Chaplet wears of *Love* all made  
     And Lillies mingled.  
 Hard by this Peer ſits *Chſtitie*,  
 Her ears cloſe bound about, for fear  
 ( Though crown'd with Lillies too ) left ſhe  
     Should ought offensive hear.  
 By her with book in hand, her eies  
 Fixt upwards ſits true *Pietie*,  
 As ſhe with Prai'r cou'd pierce the ſkies,  
     Crown'd with a Galaxie.  
 There *Love*, here *Affabilitie*,  
 And by her, noble *Gentleneſs* ;  
 By whom ſits faithful *Conſtancie*,  
     Each deckt in ſeveral dreſſe :  
 Loweſt of all *Humilitie*  
 Stands gravely by, as who wou'd ſay  
 ( Though She were crowned too ) that ſhee  
     Serv'd waitingmaid that day.  
 More do I Laureate view among  
 Theſe holy Nymphs ; but oh ! I ſee  
 High above all this ſacred throng,  
     A richer Deitie,  
 To whom theſe homage did, ſo fair,  
 That I'l approach and neerer prie ;  
 Chiefly our eies delighted are  
     With Curioſitie.  
 Nor is't enough one *Grace* to know ;  
 The way's all pav'd with ſtars, to bliſſe ;  
 We muſt from one to th'other go,  
     And climb to perfectneſs.  
 I'l through each Glorie then, and ſee  
 What mighty Goddeſſe dwelleth there,  
 Ruling with ſo much Majeſtie  
     In this diviner ſphere.

## 6 Claraftella.

It muft be ſhe, and ſhee alone,  
 ( Unless my dazled eies miſtake )  
 Whom all theſe Virtues wait upon,  
     And their Queen Regent make.  
 'Tis ſhee : lov'd *Claraſtella*, ſhe  
 Theſe Virtues *court* : with whoſe faire ſtore  
 All mankind might enriched be,  
     And yet not leave her poor.  
 Thy pardon yet dear Quinteſſence  
 Of all perfection ! if I —  
 In this thy holy conference  
     Intruding preſſe too nigh.  
 'Twas *Love* did guide me to thy ſhrine,  
 Where I'l adoring ſerve alone  
 Thee, *Virtues* ſelf, whoſe ſoul divine  
     doth make theſe all, but one.

---

*On a duſt got in Claraſtella's eie.*

CAN I with patience this my rival ſee  
 Courting thoſe flames ſo long ador'd by mee ?  
 Forcing her ſhut her eies from me, and thaw  
 A tear, which all my ſighes ne'r thence could draw ?  
 Canſt thou ſmall crum of earth eclips my Sun,  
 And make it ſet in clouds e'r day be done ?  
 Could ought but Atomes to this Orb aſpire ?  
 Durſt ought but duſt approach ſo great a fire ?  
 Hence thou unluckie beam, but more unkind,  
 That mak'ſt at once me and my *Stella* blind !  
 What have I ſaid ? my pious rage hath burn'd  
 Too hot, and hath on the wrong object turn'd :  
 Forgive me little moat ; I know thou'rt free ;  
 How hath my angry zeale accused thee ?  
 'Las thou waſt thither onely ſent by me,  
 My guiltleſs loves unhappy *Mercurie*.

Wouldſt

## Claraſtella.

7

Wouldſt know then (Faireſt) whence this duſt doth riſe?  
 'Tis cauſ'd by th' flaming ſparkles of thine eies,  
 Which like the lightning through my veins have ſhot  
 Such ardent flames of love, ſo ſcorching hot,  
 My heart's ev'n burnt to aſhes ; hence it flies,  
 Duſt as you made it, back into your eies.

---

*On Claraſtella ſinging to the Eccho at  
 Aythorn Church in Kent.*

'T Was when the Sun had purpled all the Weſt,  
 And newly ſtole into his Roſie neſt  
 To bring the Tartars morn ; our Nymph was grown  
 Weary with walking, and did lay her down  
 Upon the tender trefoiles, glad to yield  
 Unto ſo ſoft a preſſure, in a field  
 Neer *Aythorns* holy Church, to ſatiſfie  
 Our joynt requests with her ſweet harmonie ;  
 In a ſerene ſtil Summers evening,  
 Fair *Stella* did exalt her voyce and ſing.

And as the torrent of her melodie  
 Did genly flow in new varietie  
 Of melting ſtreins, in whoſe ſwoln rapsodies  
 Shee cool'd the dayes heat, and thus fann'd the ſkies,  
 Her Zephyre breath no ſooner whiſper'd to  
 The ſacred walls, but ſtreight was answer'd too ;  
 As if her Angel voyce had eccho'd bin  
 By the bleſt muſick of ſome Cherubin :  
 Whiſt from the Church the liſtning Spirit there  
 Through envie of her phanſies chirp't to her,  
 And with diſtinguiſht tones in ev'ry mood  
 And ſkilful accent made her murmurs good.  
 'Twas in the Church this Rival dwelt ; 'tis there  
 A better Eccho wil our ſighings hear

## 8                      Claraſtella.

And answer too, though ne'r so softly groand :  
 ( Where live thou ſtil in this thy ſphere enthron'd )

    Soon as Shee did perceive her Art out-done  
 By the inviſible diviſion

Of the Reporters voyce, ſhe ſtretcht her throat  
 And warbling daunced on a treble noat  
 In loſtier meaſures. Theſe th'*Eccho* likewise ſent  
 More perfect back, than from her firſt they went.

    Shame now 'twixt grief and anger plac'd, did raiſe  
 Our *Stella*, and provoke to ſecond laies :  
 One whiles ſhe ſoars like the morns Lark on high,  
 As with exalted voyce ſhee'd pierce the ſkie,  
 Then with a ſullen flat and deeper baſe,  
 As ſhe would marrie her Immortal laies  
 With her diviner Odes, ſhe humbly dwels  
 O'th' *Gamut*. Th'*Eccho* too this leſſon ſpels,  
 And thus repeating deſcants on each ſtrein  
 Much more diſtinctly reliſh'd and more plain.  
 How have I lov'd Church-muſick e'r ſince I  
 Firſt there heard this ſo heav'nly harmonie ?

    Thus by alternate ſtrivings as they had  
 Ev'n ſung the Sun aſleep, and made us ſad  
 In their behalf, ſcarce knowing which t'admire,  
 And count the Miſtreſſe of this holy Quire :  
 Our *Stella* did attempt it once again  
 To get the conqueſt ; but alas ! in vain  
 She ſtriving tir'd, and tir'd was fain to yield,  
 While the Church-Saint was heard the laſt i'th' field.



## Claraſtella.

9

*On Loving at firſt ſight.*

SO ſmiles the Sun indeed with cheerful eie  
 On the bright gold his raies inform'd ; and ſo  
 Doth that its borrow'd beams reflect. But why  
 Our hearts turn'd Solar, ſhould each other wooe  
 In ſilence by aſpect, I wonder, I.

The Heliotrope that marks with watchful eie  
 His *Sol's* beloved face, and gathers thence  
 Thoſe am'rous features which he there did ſpie,  
 Preſerving them by ſecret influence,  
 Waits on him with religious Loyaltie.

By ſighes and groans ſo wooe the Turtles, and  
 Thus doe the Mutes by ſignes articulate  
 Myſteriouſly each other underſtand ;  
 And in this *Brachygraphie* can relate  
 Their wils, with onely help of eie and hand.

Nature and Art doth theſe inſtruct, but we  
 Led with more reaſon do our loves expreſſe  
 By louder organs tongues : though the eie be  
 The ſouls true ſpeaking index I confeſſe,  
 Yet do we more believe the ear, than eie.

Our formes in *mirrours* weep with us, or ſmile ;  
 So at theſe chriſtal caſements of the eies,  
 Our other ſelves are repreſented, while  
 Each viſual beam by repercuſſion is  
 Firſt met, and ſo retort by joynr recoyle.

Thus from the ſparkling beam of eithers eie,  
 Fann'd by their medium air, their hearts prepar'd,  
 Like tinder, catch Loves fire by ſympathie,  
 And mingle flames. Let Lovers then aſtward  
 Cupid his eies, ſince theirs ſo wel can ſee.

## Clarastella,

*On a black mole on Clarastella's  
faire cheek.*

**H**OW fair a Character hath Nature wrot !  
 And printed on her cheek in black and white !  
 While this i'th' fairer Copie is no blot,  
 But a ful period ; that the Reader might  
 The better understand the sence, and know  
 That here Shee stopt, and could no further go.

As when the skilful Artist hath exprest  
 With lively colours a fair countenance,  
 Yet he at last doth shadow forth the rest,  
 And so with shades the beauty much advance :  
 So Nature having drawn this lovely piece,  
 VVith this *last shade* perfects her Artifice.

'Tis like the mark o'th' richer text : or hand  
 O'th' margent leading to some Paradise,  
 VWhere't points at some choise flow'r i'th' garden, and  
 Bids you there fix, and feast your greedie eies :  
 This molehil's *Cupids* throne, on which he sits,  
 And with his love-arm'd shafts each breast he hits.

Let meaner beauties patch their painted faces,  
 Studying the black art of complection,  
 Nature hath here without Arts helping Graces,  
 Firmly engraved all perfection.  
*Stella's* the pattern which they imitate ;  
 They have no form but what they do create.

*Bleeding*

## Clarastella.

11

*Bleeding at the nose at Clarastella's  
approach.*

SO at the Murtherers approach we see  
 The Corps weep at its wounds again ;  
 And I who first was slain  
 And rob'd of Reasons soul by thee,  
 Walk but a living Corps, and drawing nigh,  
 Thus doth my guiltless blood thy murther crie.  
 From my dead heart it flowes, and boldly there  
 It stares thee in thy guiltie face  
 (Fair cruel Murtheresse !)  
 Soon as I thee approach more near :  
 While thus the spirits all emitted are,  
 And for thee blushing in my face appear.  
 Yet back thou smal remainder of my life  
 And bid my drooping heart revive  
 Which thus again may live,  
 Could it but some remorseful grief  
 Raise in thee at this horrid sight, that then  
 You may be quit, and I no Ghost agen.

---

*Seeing Her Dancing.*

RObes loosely flowing, and aspect as free,  
 A carelesse carriage deckt with modestie ;  
 A smiling look, but yet severe :  
 Such comely Graces 'bout her were.  
 Her steps with such an evenness she wove,  
 As shee could hardly be perceiv'd to move ;  
 Whilst her silk sailes displaid, shee  
 Swam like a ship with Majestie.

As

12

## Claraſtella.

As when with ſtedfaſt eies we view the Sun,  
 We know it goes though ſee no motion ;  
     So undiſcern'd ſhe mov'd, that we  
     Perceiv'd ſhee ſtirr'd, but did not ſee.

---

*To her having got a great Cold.*

What blaſting dewes are theſe  
 That on thy active ſpirits ſeize ?  
     And tie that tongue, did make  
 Muſick to all that heard it ſpeak ?  
     As by the fire Ice is  
 Made by Antiperiſtaſis ;  
     So doth thy hearts flame within  
 And th'warm ayr ambient 'bout thy ſkin  
     And colder ſelf, congeal it  
 To ſuch a coldneſſe you ſcarce feel it.  
     'Tis ſo : the heat is more intenſe  
 And glowes by th'numneſs of each ſenſe.  
     But oh ! that vital part  
 Kil not (thou cruel froſt ! ) her heart !  
     May th'Elemental fire  
 That burns there purely through deſire,  
     Scorch, like our fires below  
 More fiercely, for the froſt and ſnow !

---

*The Invocation to Cupid.*

OH do not look me dead, fair eies !  
 Do not allure and then deſpiſe !  
 Be kind but as your picture ! that  
 Will look and ſmile, though you will not.

## Clarastella.

13

Ye Gods ! or women make lesse fair !  
 Or else lesse cruell then they are !  
 Or strike me *Cupid* blind like thee,  
 So I my torment shal not see.

---

*To one blaming my high-minded  
 Love.*

TOO great ? wherein ? is it in wealth or bloud ?  
 Or is she any way too good ?  
 The sacred treasure that I bring, is *Love*,  
     Angels enjoy nor wish no more ;  
 'Tis Sovereign too, and sans allay will prove  
 As rich as both *her Indies* doubled o're.  
 Love makes equality ; nor wil admit  
     Finites should bound an Infinite :  
 Who sets no value on himself, shal ne'r  
     By others much esteemed be.  
 Blind *Cupid* doth assist the bold, while fear  
 Unman's the heart, and shuts the Lovers eie.  
 But she is high and wel-discended ; true ;  
     My birth stiles me as freeborn too ;  
 No peasant bloud doth stein or chil my veins,  
     And the proud Youth that warms them, he  
 Was of a Goddessie born, and thus disdeins  
 I should adore lesse than a Deitie.  
 My loves diviner flames do upwards flie  
     By nature like their sparks on high ;  
 Base heavy things do only downward tend  
     To the dull center gave them birth ;  
 But heav'n-deduced spirits there ascend :  
 Whilst low ignoble minds fix to their earth.  
 Mans sight erected looks to Heav'n, that so  
     His thoughts he there might level too :

She

14

## ClaraStella.

She is the *Empyæum* of my love ;  
       Whose Glories though they blast mine eys,  
 Yet shall my Eagles singed feathers prove  
 Bright Trophæes of a gallant enterprife.

---

*On ClaraStella's Picture drawn  
 very like her.*

Fair shadow of a fairer substance ! when  
       Thy lively second self I see ,  
 Nature doth blush that by Arts pow'rful pen  
       *Stella* agen create should bee.  
 See where She all identifi'd appears  
       Except that soul we cannot see !  
 Whilst this, her eys, forme, shape, and colour wears,  
       And 'cud it breath, w'ud say 'twere She.  
 Bright Image of my Saint ! to thee I'd bow,  
       Were it not flat Idolatrie,  
 To think thoult hear what scarce *deaf* she wil do,  
       In hope thy lips can answer, I.  
 Yet will I make this holy use of thee :  
       The looking oft on thee may mind  
 Me of that more respectfull Deitie  
       That to my prai'rs may be enclin'd.

---

*On Mrs. E. H. having red haire on her  
 head, and on her left side a pure white  
 lock growing.*

Tell me no more of *Helen* fair,  
       Of *Daphne*, or that famous pair

## Clarastella.

Of lovely Dames whom *Jove* did court  
 And tempted to his bed of sport.  
 Such a fair wonder I shal tel  
 The Golden age cann't paralel :  
 Her hair the richest *Metal* yields,  
 Whilst she like *Ceres* gilds the fields :  
 And her smooth flesh with red and white  
 So fitly mixt, so purely bright,  
 While the choise flow'rs there smile so gay,  
 She's fair as *Flora* fresh as *May*.  
 Lillie and Rose dwell in her face,  
 In ev'ry look and smile a *Grace*,  
 And in whom all is understood  
 What we count either Fair or Good.

As is the Saints more precious head  
 With gilded raies environed ;  
 So 'bout this Comet you shal see  
 The Embleme of her Deitie.  
 Such light surrounds, that all may say  
 'Tis she not *Phæbus* rules the day ;  
 While those loose flames about her spread,  
 Irradiate, not shade her head.  
 Let me adore this Saint-like Shrine,  
 Ther's treasure in this golden mine :  
 It was not *Jason*, no ; 'twas She  
 That got the Golden Flicce, *not he*.  
 She whose sweet looks and glorious hair  
 Dart like warm lightning through the air :  
 That in this golden show'r of love  
 She seems like *Danaë* fit for *Jove* ;  
 And the gilt threads which twisted lie  
 Wreathed with Arts Embroaderie,  
 About her Temples, in her praise  
 A Garland and a Crown do raise.  
 Why should fond Phansie then compare  
 The sadder with the brighter haire ?  
 Black tresses 'come the browner hue  
 To set it off the better : you

## 16

## Claraſtella.

Need no ſuch foile ; your Angel face  
Wants neither beauty, worth, nor grace.

But here ! behold a *ſilver beam*  
Which from this Blazing-ſtar doth ſtream,  
And in ſuch curling waves doth flow  
About her Ivory breſt below ;  
White as the ſoul ſhe wears within,  
Doth ſpeak her pure and free from ſin !  
Not the blancht ſnow or Pearly dew  
Of Morn, affords a brighter hue.  
Here is that Chriſtal milky way  
Which leads (like morning to the day)  
To Heav'n : oh thither let me come  
And climb to loves *Elyſium* !  
So fitly on her left ſide plac't,  
And with ſuch beauty it is grac'd,  
That Nature ſure when this ſhe gave her,  
Bid her there wear it as her favour.

As in our Heraldry we deem  
Theſe colors of the beſt eſteem ,  
With *Sol* and *Luna* blazing forth  
The nobler Arms of higher worth :  
So Nature having drawn this piece  
(Then which was never artifice  
So neatly pen'd and poliſht o'r  
With ſkilful art and beauty more)  
Reſolv'd for its great worth and fame,  
To put it in a Golden frame.  
If in theſe outward parts we find  
Such worth ; what bears her richer mind ?

May this fair grove then never fade !  
Or be by blaſting time decaid !  
May age ne'r hoar that lovely hair,  
Or leave that golden mountain bare !  
May not thy envicous kemb preſume  
To pluck from thee one precious plume!  
But if you ſhed a hair let't prove  
A chain to lead thy captiv'd love

Or



## Claraſtella.

17

Or let 't a holy Relique be  
 Preferv'd to after ages free.  
 That the ſucceeding times may tell,  
 This from the Queen of Beauty fell.

---

Amoris Somnium. *To Claraſtella.*

**L**OVE is a waking dream, where both the mind  
 And all the ſenſes drown'd in ſleep we find :  
 Only the Phanſie worketh, that doth range  
 And to a thouſand ſtrange *Ideas* change.  
 For as in dreams we often turn, and ſigh,  
 And groan, as if we were about to die,  
 Sometimes we ſtartle as we were afraid,  
 Then breath diſtracted words, and cry for aid:  
 So in a trance true Lovers reſtles are,  
 Fraught with diſorder'd thoughts, and full of care,  
 So ſpeechles too, when they with grief oppreſt  
 Speak ſomewhat, and in ſighs do vent the reſt.  
*Stella!* when thus you ſee me, wake me pray;  
 You know what ayles me, though I nothing ſay.

---

*On Claraſtella ſinging.*

**Y**E that in love delight  
 Approach this ſacred Quire, and ſeaſt your ears !  
 Whiſt ſhe the ſweeteſt Syren ſings,  
 Whoſe muſick equals the harmonious ſpheres,  
 And perhaps richer pleaſure brings !  
 The dying Swan or *Philomel*  
 O'th' wood, nor warble's half ſo wel ;  
 Obſerve

18

## ClaraStella.

Observe the cadence where each dying sound,  
Creates new Eccho's to a list rebound.

Here's musick to the sight:  
She looks and sings with such Majestick grace,  
That when I *ClaraStella* hear,  
She more than woman seems, her voice and face  
Taking at once both eye and care,  
That which of these two senses may  
Be most refresh'd, is hard to say.  
To glorifie her after death, Shee'l ne'r  
Need change ; She's Angel now, and Heav'n is here.

---

*A Love Dialogue between Damon  
and Stella.*

- Dam.** I Prithee *Stella* why so coy ?  
Be free as fair, and wee'l enjoy  
New pleasures to Eternitie.
- Stel.** — O no : I dare not, I.
- Dam.** Nature's Apostate wilt thou prove,  
That cements all with love ?  
When all her creatures coupl'd are,  
Will you be singular ?
- Stel.** Though all were Male and Female made,  
Yet none shal me invade.
- Dam.** View but our mother earth whose fruit  
Ads all the glory to it!  
Where all things generate with delight,  
And feeling appetite.
- Stel.** I don't abjure societie,  
'Tis fate commands Antipathie.
- Dam.** The Sun whose pow'r'full influence  
Actuates each soul with sence,  
Inflames chaste Turtles with desires ;  
And can you want *such* fires ?

*Stel.*

# Claraftella.

19

*Stel.* Yes : and *that* bird fhall imitate  
That lives without a mate.

*Dam.* Th' Arabian foul is chafte alone  
Because it is but one :  
For had wife Nature made them two ,  
They wu'd like Doves and Sparrows do.

*Stel.* Yet the chafte *Phanix* is admir'd,  
And thought the rareft bird.

*Dam.* No: ſhe is Nature's wonder, 'caufe  
She only breaks her laws ;  
For which a Martyr in defire,  
She penance doth in fire.

*Stel.* But I ſhall die with cold. *Dam.* How then  
Can you inflame us men ?

*Stel.* Although mine eye may ſparkle, yet  
My heart is frozen quite.

*Chorus.* With warm embraces, hot defires,  
And with loves ſoft yet active fires ,  
Let's warme each other til we prove  
One flaming ſacrifice to Love.

## Claraftella *playing ſweetly on the Lute.*

THat empty guts of beaſts, and hollow wood,  
So rare a ſound ſhould make, what mortal wu'd  
Believe ? did he not ſee what heav'nly hand  
Made the ſtrings move and breath, at whoſe command  
They died, or Ecchoed from the ſacred Quire  
Lays, did our ſouls as wel as them, inſpire ?  
His loſt *Euclidice* when *Orpheus* won,  
Alas, his ſkil compar'd with thine, was none;  
He only taught the rocks to dance, you move  
Each ſtony heart, inflam'd by you, to love ;

Then

20

## Claraſtella.

Then with your pow'rful and enchaunting hand  
 Turn us to ſtones agen, and make us ſtand  
 Like unmov'd Statues, whilſt amazed we  
 Attend the voice of heav'n's bleſt harmonie,  
 How the Gods liſten to her graceful ayrs  
 Attentive as to Saints devouter pray'rs ?  
 Wiſhing ſhee'd in thoſe dying ſounds expire  
 In ſwanlike extaſie, to fil their quire !  
 Hark how ſhe whiſpers from that holy bow'r,  
 An Ep'taph for each wounded Auditour !  
 While from her ſweeter hand the warbling lyre  
 Borrows that ſweetnes we ſo much admire.  
 Toucht by her quickning joints the active ſtrings  
 Leap to expreſſe their joys, whilſt the ſound brings  
 Such new delight ; I could but wiſh this bliſſe,  
 That hearing her, I had no ſenſe but this.

---

*To Claraſtella. Loves  
 enterteinment.*

WHEN Love was exild Heav'n, and to and fro  
 For want of friends did here a begging go,  
 To ſeek relief, in this ſad pilgrimage  
 I entertein'd the Youth my mænial page.  
 And though he was of many held in ſcorn,  
 Yet knew I he was of a Goddeſſe born.  
 For whoſe fair ſake I took him home, and laid  
 Him in the faireſt lodging that I had.  
 I cloath'd the hungerſterv'd wretch when he  
 Was almoſt dead for cold and miſery :  
 Daily I fed him with my ſighs, and in  
 My tears he quencht his thirſt and bath'd his ſkin.  
 Encourag'd thus the lad grew ſawcie, he  
 Would from a ſervant now a Maſter be.

First

# Claraſtella.

21

Firſt he entic'd my thoughts and cunningly  
 Wrought their conſent to the Conſpiracie ;  
 Then he faſt bound my ſenſes by *ſurpriſe*,  
 That ſo he might at th' *Porthole* of mine eys  
 Bring in's Aſſociate ; then ſet th' *fort* on fire,  
 Having betray'd the *breſtworks* to deſire.

You are that Goddeſſe hatcht and ſent this ſpie,  
 I therefore do forgive his treacherie.  
 (Fair Empreſſe) now y'have got it by a wile,  
 I'll teach you how to keep it : with a ſmile.

---

*On Claraſtella walking in the Snow  
 that diſſolved aſſoon as it came near  
 her or the ground ſhe trod on.*

WHEN Heav'ns Mercurial drops flew gently down,  
 As they would cloath not pierce the ground ;  
 Yet they no ſooner landed and faln near  
 Her Glories, but 'twixt grief and fear  
 Left by her candor their's ſhould be outvyd,  
 In Envies tears diſſolving di'd.  
 So have I ſeen bright falling Stars in ſhow,  
 Quench in dark gellies here below,  
 When they falſe Meteors did (deſcended) ſpie  
 A truer light in *Stella's* eie :  
 Thus not hearts only when her warmth is felt  
 But Snow and fire it ſelf do melt.

To

## ClaraStella.

*To ClaraStella. Loves Silence.*

Ay me ! when I  
 Am blind with passion why  
 Should my best reason speechlesse prove ?  
 Dorth joyes excesse  
 (Which words can nere expresse)  
 In silent Rhetorick speake my love ?  
 If so ; each smother'd sigh wil vent my smart,  
 And say, I love not with my tongue, but heart.  
 But oh ! if She  
 (Blind boy!) should chance to be  
 As deaf, as my discourse is dumb,  
 Ile never more  
 Thy Deitie adore,  
 Or to thee 'ere for refuge come.  
 O when thou see'st me stand thus mute and blind,  
 For pitties sake (my *Stella* ! ) then be kind !  
 Know that such love  
 Like Heav'ns comes from above,  
 And is beyond expression large ;  
 Language is weak,  
 And should I strive to speak  
 Words would but lessen not discharge.  
 My Loves deep Sea's as silent as profound :  
 Ful Caskes stand mute, only the empty sound.

ClaraStella

## Claraſtella.

23

*Claraſtella diſtrusting.*

**Y**OU ſay you love me, nay can ſwear it too,  
     But ſtay Sir t'wil not doe ;  
     I know you keep your oathes  
     Juſt as you wear your cloathes ;  
     Whiſt new, and freſh in faſhion ;  
     But once grown old you lay them by,  
     Forgot like words you ſpeak in paſſion,  
     I'le not believe you, I.

---

*To Claraſtella affrighted at the ſight of  
 a Cats fiery eies in the dark, which  
 cauſed her to ſhreik.*

**T**Hy ſhril voyce pierc'd each apprehenſive ear  
     Deep, as thy heart could ſmitten be with fear ;  
     That, if I had not known the tongue, I could  
     Ha'wiſht it out : but ſince fate pleas'd I ſhould  
     Be thus o'th' ſudden thunder-ſtrucken, why  
     Saw I no lightning from thy troubled eie ?  
     Forewarn'd thus had I been forearm'd, and though  
     Prevented not, I had foreſeen the blow.  
     Ne'r weeping Stag, thus frightened, cry'd ſo loud  
     Though by his thirſtie foes ſo cloſe purſu'd,  
     As thou (fair) *Stella* at the ſight of that  
     Some Heathen worſhip as their God, a Cat,  
     Vvhoſe glaring eies did unexpected ſhine  
     But with like wonder for to gaze on thine.  
     And as they at ful Moon encreaſe : ſo now  
     The fulneſs of your glory ſwell'd them too.  
     Since lightning flew from each amazed eie,  
     I mar'l not ſuch a clap did follow, I.

## ClaraStella.

*On a Fleabite espied on her  
fair hand.*

BEhold how like a lovely fragrant Rose  
 Midst a fair Lillie bed,  
 Or set in Pearl like a bright Rubie shows,  
 This little spot of red !  
 Art could not die a Crimson half so good  
 As this was made by th' tincture of her bloud.

The cunning Leech knew that the richest bloud  
 In azure veins did lie ;  
 Choos'ing thy young soft tender flesh for food  
 Resolv'd thus to feed high :  
 Thus being Nectar-fill'd and swell'd with pride,  
 He thinks he's now to you *by bloud* alli'd.

O how I envy thee smal creature, and  
 Ev'n wish thy shape on me,  
 That so I might but kisse that sacred hand  
 That giveth life to thee !  
 That which I hardly now can cover'd kisse,  
 Then I might naked touch and tast my blisse.

And though for drawing so much guiltles bloud  
 Thou wel deserv'st to die,  
 With a gold chain about thy neck, I wu'd  
 Have thee kept daintilie  
 As *Scaliger's* was in a box ; and shown  
 As *Stella's* gentle Fairie up and down.



## Claraſtella.

25

*On the taking of an Amethiſt ring from  
off Claraſtella's finger as ſhe  
was ſleeping.*

THOU ſacred ſtone whoſe native heat preſervs  
Man as he was created, rational,  
Infuſe thy virtues through my Optick nervs !  
Thus while thy temp'rance I behold, I ſhal  
In ſtupid draughts my health and reaſon ne'r enſtral.

Rubies that moſt reſemble flames, are ſo  
Devoid of heat no fire can warm them, wine  
Thus though this cheerful ſtone reſembles too  
Scorns yet to ſtoop to *Bacchus* reeling Vine  
Or let his Oppium prey upon his ſprite divine.

Thou more enchanted than was *Gyges* ring  
Keep then my ſouls eys ope while others lie  
Steept, or transform'd in wild *Lyæus* ſing  
Io's to madneſs, yet do thou let me  
Unſeen but to my ſelf approach this Deitie.

How't bluſhes for me at the guilt of this  
High ſacrilege ! Yet though from her I got  
This virtue ſleeping, ſhe not plundred is.  
Fair *Stella* wears a better Antidote  
Both for and 'gainſt the falling ſickneſs : wot you u wat ?

B

Loves

## Claraſtella.

*Loves Expiration.*

**B**Y custom who ſo bold as he  
 That cannot ſee ?  
 Yet I by ſad experience find,  
 My love's moſt modeſt when mine eyes are blind:  
 Why ſhould my coward tongue elſe fear to tel  
 My ſhe Phyſician I'm not wel,  
 Whoſe only art  
 Can cure the paſſion of the heart ?

Why doſt thou ſhow ſuch crueltye  
 (Young Boy) on me ?  
 Waſt not enough to wound my heart ?  
 Then to add blindneſs to my former ſmart,  
 But make me ſpeechleſs that I cann't complain ?  
 Thus hopeleſs to be wel again ?  
 What puniſhment  
 Is grief that cannot find a vent ?

Ah *Cupid* ? if thou wilt that I  
 For her muſt die  
 Let me but tel her firſt 'twas ſhe,  
 She only that did cauſe my maladie.  
 Aſſiſt my tongue with ſo much courage, I  
 May tel her 'tis for her I die!  
 Perhaps my grief  
 May thus diſcharg'd, find ſome relief.

## Claraſtella.

*On a Chriſtal Watch preſented  
to Claraſtella.*

**T**Hou careful Steward of my precious time  
 I now transmit thee to a hand ſublime  
 And *heav'nly*, that wil guide thy meaſures wel,  
 See that to her thou *truth* doſt alwaies tel.  
 When ſhe lies down to reſt, then Watch to chuſe  
 Let thy ſoft motion quiet ſleep infuſe.  
 But when ſhe waking turns her in her bed  
 Then be thou nimbly buſie 'bout her head.  
 Put her in mind of me ! and to her ſay  
 Though ſhe lies ſtil, yet the time poaſts away :  
 Charge her not loſe it then ! but to her ſhow  
 When it is *time* to love ! then let her know  
 That as thou ſo I reſtleſs watch her, and  
 My watchful thoughts a guard about her ſtand.  
*Stand*, at that *happy hour*, I find her kind,  
 Then let thy ſpeedy wings no motion find.  
 Go *only faſt* when ſhe retards in love,  
 Then poaſt to ſhort the time, then nimble prove !

True Emblem of my love this Watch I ſend,  
 Which to your careful keeping I commend :  
 The ballance like my heart, when that beats ſlow  
 Then faſt, doth my diſorderd paſſions ſhow :  
 The ſtring that holds al, is from *Cupids* bow ,  
 If that ſhould break alas it would not go :  
 The Chriſtal caſe that keeps it, is mine eie,  
 Through which you may the ſev'ral motions ſpie.  
 The Wheels are my affections which wil ſtand,  
 If you not move them with your gentle hand :  
 Oh when it ſlowly goes then raiſe it higher,  
 That from thy touch it may new life acquire !

28

## ClaraStella.

'Tis in your power to make it by a trick  
*Go fast or slow*, by turning of the nick.  
 Let it not once go down ! Watches you know  
 With little rest they oft forget to go :  
 Love like the Sun should ever active be,  
 Which when 't declines, it riseth instantly.

---

*Of Love and Liking.*

TO like or not to like, doth lie  
 In the election of a curious eie :  
 But should I only what I see approve,  
 This were but liking and not love.

Or t'would be general, as Boys  
 At the first sight long for their gloricus toys,  
 Which they embrace til fresh varietie  
 Shews fairer objects to the eie.

Go Muse ! and let my *Stella* know  
 I like her person wel : but tel her too !  
 I love her soul with mine, and thus I find  
 When out of sight she's in my mind.

---

*Dialogue between Sylvio  
and Mirtillo.*

Syl. TEl me (if ever you did feel  
 The pow'r of *Cupids* fatal steel)  
 Why the young Tyrant ads disdain  
 Thus to compleat a true loves pain ?

Why

## Claraftella.

Why faithful Lovers feldom prove  
Belov'd again of thofe they love ?

*Myrt.* Oh 'tis becaufe true Lovers are  
Too fervil fond, and Women care  
For things though good if eafie, left :  
The dear and hard to get please beft.  
For fhould we them but lefs adore,  
They'd punifh lefs and love us more.

*Syl.* But when the Amorift doth find  
His love rebukt by fome unkind  
Repulfe, why doth he yet admire ?  
And with fick hopes ftill feed defire ?  
Himfelf afflicting thus in vain  
With hopes of what he cann't obtain ?

*Myrt.* Ah *Sylvio* ! Love is a difeafe  
That doth o'th' vital fpirits ceaze,  
Whofe dregs time only muft expel :  
Hunger in fick folks doth foretel  
Deaths fad approach; fo lovesick men  
When that's a dying rave agen.

*Syl.* Why doth he not then ftugling trie  
Or to shake off this Lethargie,  
Or as fome peevifh fick men ufe,  
Deny'd what they would have, refufe  
All comfort, and with like difdain  
Since She defpifes hate again ?

*Myrt.* True lov's not like an Ague fit  
That doth of cold and heat admit;  
'Tis a quotidian feaver that  
With constant heat doth thirft create.  
That with its warmth doth make each day  
Summer, and knows no Month but May.

Repent not then thy wel plac't love, though ſhe  
With the like coynefs ſlight its modeſtie!  
For who asks doubting left he ſhould obtain,  
Inſtructs his Miſtreſs to a coy difdain.

30

Clarastella.

*To Clarastella.  
Loves Constancie.*

'T Is no terrestrial fire  
Doth with such heat my brest inspire,  
For then your beauties Sun  
Had lookt it to pale ashes long agon.

'Tis a Promethean flame  
Bright as the Orbs from whence it came,  
So heav'nly and divine,  
Immortal too, that feeds this heart of mine.

Think not (fair *Stella*) then  
That I can be inconstant, when  
That love can never die  
That borrows flames from your celestial eie.

---

*To Clarastella upon a favour  
received from her which  
she tied in my hat.*

**M**Adam! the favour I received from you  
I have it in such high esteem  
That men might justly deem  
Me proud of it, 'cause to the open view,  
I wear it alwaies in my hat,  
There to be wondred at.

Ruling

## Clarastella.

31

Ruling in chief there in bright Majestie  
 It doth command all caps to vail  
 And say to it, all hail;  
 As if they spi'd in that some Deirie,  
 The colours they are so divine  
 And with such raies do shine.

As forreign ships yield homage whey they see  
 Great *Britains* streamers spread on high  
 And purpling all the skie :  
 So when these Rosie royal colours be  
 Displaid, then each Spectatour knows  
 That they are yours, and bows:

*Juno's* gay bird boasts not so brave a plume  
 Nor in its greatest pride doth shine  
 Like this fair flow'r of thine.  
 Me thinks I look like *Memnon*, could assume  
 A generals place and overthrow  
*Englands* resisting foe.

A *Hector* fit for *Mars* or *Venus* war  
 Under these colours I could fight  
 Me thinks both day and night ;  
 Attempt bold deeds, kil those my rivals are,  
 And through revenge on each black tongue  
 That shal thy honour wrong.

Wonder not at this valour ! for I know  
 Under your favour, I would conquer you.

*Claraſtella's Indiſtment.*

**M**Y heart was ſlain when none was by  
 But only you and I :  
 Durſt it ſelf do this act ?  
**No :** a ſtrange hand did ſhoot that dart  
 Which peirc'd ſo deep my heart,  
 Nor could I do the fact.  
**Then** I'm o'th' fact acquitted, now  
 The guilt muſt lie on you ;  
 I wil enquire no further ;  
**The** proof is plain, the Boy that lies  
 Hid in your cruel eies,  
 Did do this wicked murder.

**Witness** your lips all ſtain'd with red,  
 They ſpeak who did the deed,  
 The Crimſon bloud ſticks there ,  
**And** makes them at each bluſh confeſs  
 (For they dare do no leſs)  
 And cry we guiltie are.  
**Your** pale and ſelf-accuſing look  
 As ſoon as ere he ſtrook  
 Proclam'd you acceſſorie :  
**And** your diſtorted angry brow  
 Your ſul aſſent did ſhow,  
 To make my death a Storie.

**In** your hearts trembling doth appear  
 Your more than guilty fear :  
 You'r by your tongue bewraid,  
**Which** ſilently accuſing, tels  
 That 'twas by you, none els,  
 My heart was firſt betraid,



## Clarastella.

33

By signs thus murther's oft reveal'd  
 Though it lie long conceal'd :  
 This doom I wish you then,  
 If stil a cruel mind you bear,  
 May each man prove, when ere  
 You love, unkind agen.

---

*On the loss of a Gold-open-ring in  
 which some of Clarastella's  
 hair was enclosed.*

DEar Gold not in thy own self precious now,  
 But for that more intrinsic value thou  
 Encloest, which rich treasure makes thee more  
 Refin'd, and hallow'd than thou wast before,  
 (Though had that finger dropt, thou once didst grace,  
 I had susteind that fatal loss with less  
 Regret) Farwel ! Yet thou dear Relique that  
 Li'st here entombd and buried in this vaur  
 Of Indian clay, which now thy corps must hold,  
 Thou didst deserve a richer urn than gold.

May then that happy he shal find thee, kiss,  
 And then adore this unknown Shrine of blifs!  
 Whose worth, since he can never know, but fear  
 Some magick spels within, and so not dare  
 To wear thee : thus afflicted, may he bring  
 It back to me, and I'l uncharm the Ring.

But thee in vain *on earth*, I hope to see,  
 Ile search the Heavens, for there thou next wilt be :  
 And whereas *Berenices* hair was cut,  
 And at the Lyons seavn-stard tail was put,  
 Thy hair shal shine yet higher in his head,  
 And's neck shal with this Ring be collared.

34

## Claraſtella.

*To Claraſtella ſaying ſhe would commit  
her ſelfe to a Nunnerie.*

**S**Tay *Claraſtella*, prithee ſtay !  
Recal thoſe frantick vows again !  
Wilt thou thus caſt thy ſelf away  
As wel as me in fond diſdain ?  
Wilt thou be cruel to thy ſelf ? chaſtiſe  
Thy harmleſs body, 'cauſe your pow'rful eies  
Have charm'd my ſenſes by a ſtrange ſurpriſe ?

Is it a ſin to be belov'd ?  
If but the cauſe you could remove  
Soon the effect wou'd be remov'd :  
Where Beautie is, there wil be love.  
Nature that wiſely nothing made in vain,  
Did make you lovely to be lov'd again :  
And when ſuch beauty tempts, can love refrain ?

When Heav'n was prodigal to you,  
And you with beauties glory ſtor'd,  
He made you like himſelf for view,  
To be beheld, and then ador'd :  
Why ſhould the Gold then fear to ſee that Sun,  
That form'd it pure ? why ſhould you live a Nun,  
And hide thoſe raies Heav'n gave to you alone ?

Oh do not exile Natures bliſs !  
Do not Eclipse ſo great a Sun !  
Imprison not a Paradife  
In a Religious dungeon !  
Let the foul witch laze in her ſmokie cel ;  
Onely black toads in recluſe vaults do dwel :  
Fair Angels live in light, the foul in Hel,

# Clarastella.

35

I know 'twas you fair thief that stole  
 My heart away ; nor thus content  
 Your cruel eies then pickt a hole  
 In that which ne'r before was rent.  
 And dost thou now this heart hence think to carrie ?  
 Or being guilty darst no longer tarry,  
 And so to shreive thee, fly'st to Sanctuarie ?

Nor is this all ; your theft was higher  
 Than was *Prometheus*, who did take  
 From Heav'n that quick inspiring fire,  
 Of clods, us, living men to make :  
 You to Heav'ns treasure did find a way  
 Where all the Beauties and the Virtues lay,  
 And thence by rapine didst them all convey.

Guiltie of which high sacrilege,  
 Dost thou now mean to satisfie  
 The Gods, and give thy body pledge  
 To expiate thy souls thceverie ?  
 Stay Vorresse ! enter not this Nunnerie !  
 For thus thou wilt but draw more guilt on thee,  
 By tempting others to Idolatrie :

For when thy Glory they shal see,  
 Either they'l all forget to pray ;  
 Or what's as bad, they'l pray to thee,  
 And turn devotion to play :  
 Nor wil the Gods unto thy prai'rs incline,  
 If thou shouldst stil continue deaf to mine.  
 Stay then fair Saint ! and make my bed thy shrine !

Thy self a holy Temple art  
 Where Love shal teach us both to pray,  
 I'l make an Altar of my heart,  
 And Incense on thy lips wil lay.  
 Thy mouth shal be my Oracle ; and then  
 For beads we'l tel our kisses o'r agen,  
 Til they breath'd from our souls, shal cry *Amen*.

The

36

Claraſtella.

*The Quære.**What is Love ?*

'Tis a child of Phanſies getting,  
 Brought up between *Hope* and *Fear*,  
 Fed with ſmiles, grown by uniting  
 Strong, and ſo kept by Deſire :  
 'Tis a perpetual Veſtal fire  
 Never dying,  
 Whoſe ſmoak like Incenſe doth aſpire,  
 Upwards flying.

It is a ſoft Magnetick ſtone,  
 Attracting hearts by ſympathie,  
 Binding up cloſe two ſouls in one,  
 Both diſcourſing ſecretlie :  
 'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties  
 Yet ne'r unbinds,  
 Fixing thus two Lovers eies  
 Aſwel as minds.

'Tis the ſpheres heavenly harmonie  
 Where two ſkilful hands do ſtrike ;  
 And every ſound expreſſively  
 Marries ſweetly with the like :  
 'Tis the worlds everlaſting chain  
 That all things ti'd,  
 And bid them like the fixed wain  
 Unmov'd to bide.

'Tis

## Claraſtella.

37

'Tis Nature's law inviolate,  
 Confirm'd by mutual conſent  
 Where two diſlike, like, love, and hate,  
 Each to the others full content;  
 'Tis the Careſs of every thing ;  
 The Turtle-dove;  
 Both birds and beaſts do offerings bring  
 To mighty Love.

'Tis th' Angels joy, the Gods delight, Mans bliſs,  
 'Tis all in all: without love nothing is.

*To Claraſtella on St. Valentines  
 day morning.*

**H**Ark how the Lyrick Chorifters o'th' wood  
 Warble their cheerful noats ! which underſtood  
 Would make us think they woo'd and ſpake  
 In pure *Tibullus* phraſe, when he did take  
 His *Leſbia* to him ! how they ſing  
 And chirp it merrily  
 To welcome in that verdant ſpring  
 Which makes our blood run high !

Arife then heavy Muſe ! now winter's done  
 And the warm pleaſant Summer is begun ;  
 Arife ! and charge *Aurora* wake,  
 And weare her beſt array for this daies ſake !  
 Salute her fiſt whom I'd injoy ,  
 And then let all the nine  
 To their ſweet muſick dance and ſing  
 That this daies *Valentine*.

## 38                      Claraſtella.

Great Biſhop ! whoſe more ſacred memorie  
Crowns this bleſt day with due ſolemnitie,

Let me invoke thy holy Shrine  
To guide me to another *Valentine* !  
Lend me thy urns fair light awhile  
With the Morns brighter eies,  
To find that happy Shee, and ſteal  
Upon her by ſurpriſe.

Aſſiſt me *Jove* ! in thy gilt ſhowrs convey  
Me to the bed to my bright *Danaë* !  
Leſt I be blaſted or betrai'd  
By the quick eies of ſome crackt chambermaid,  
Got up on purpoſe to be ſeen ;  
And though ſhe ſtand i'th' way,  
Blind me t'all but my *Valentine* !  
Til I approach her day !

Or lend me *Gyges* old enchanted ring  
That I may walk inviſible ! and bring  
Me thus lockt up in cloſe diſguiſe  
To the bleſt place where this fair beauty lies !  
Thus undiſcern'd I'll paſs the ſtreet,  
Nor ſee, nor yet be ſeen  
Of any until we two meet  
(My deareſt *Valentine*.)

Some draw their *Valentines* by lotterie  
Whom they perhaps ne'r ſaw before, but I  
Make a far wiſer choice in mine,  
Where *Love* elects diſcreetly by deſign :  
Some on their hats in waſer ſcrown  
Their names have charact' red,  
I on my heart thy name enroul,  
More eaſie to be read.

See the true windows of the perfum'd Eaſt !  
Breathing ſuch odours that each ſenſe may feaſt

To

## ClaraStella.

39

To luxurie ! oh 'twould suffice  
 To live but one hour in this Paradise!  
 Then haste to kisse her balmie hand,  
 To kifs her shal I fear ?  
 I'll gently draw the curteins, and  
 Let the bright day appear.

Behold where *Innosence* her self doth lie  
 Clad in her white array ! Fair Deitie !  
 I'll onely print upon her dewy lip  
 One loving kifs and so away will part.  
 Shee wakes, and blushes on each cheek  
 So red, that I may say  
 There on each side doth truly break  
 The dawning of the day.

Startle not Fairest ! It is I am come  
 Like th'Persian to adore the rising Sun :  
 I'm come to view that sight wou'd make  
 The good old man ev'n for thy onely sake  
 With him alive agen, to see  
 Such a fair Saint of 's name,  
 Whose virtues propagate in thee  
 To his eternal fame.

'Tis I am come, who but a Friend before  
 Am hap'ly now by fate adopted more,  
 A brother or what els you deem  
 To be more neer, or of more high esteem.  
 I'm come to joyn in sacrifice  
 To our dear *Valentine* ;  
 Where I must offer to thine eies,  
 Knowing no other Shrine.

Large Hecatombs of kisses I wil lay  
 On th'altar of thy lips, that men may say  
 By their continuance we are true,  
 And wil keep so this year, nor change for new,

The

## 40            Claraſtella,

The birds inſtrꝓct us to do ſo,  
 The ſeaſon too invites ;  
 When ſpring comes they a billing go,  
 As we to our delights.

Each am'rous Turtle now his Mate doth chuſe,  
 Whom Nature for that year by pow'rful uſe  
     Taught to be conſtant ; ſhal not wee  
 Who love with reaſon be as firm and free ?  
     Here then our league let us begin,  
     And from this minute count  
 Thouſands of kiſſes that within  
     This year ſhal thus amount.

How ſweet ſhee breaths ! the Zephyre wind that blows  
 Freſh fragrant odours on the modeſt Roſe  
     Sends forth not half ſo pure a ſmell  
 As that which on thy chaſter lips doth dwell :  
     Here in this holy *Temple* I  
     Could fix eternally,  
 And pay theſe vows until I die  
     Pitied of none but thee.

Me thinks my arms now graſp a treaſure more  
 Worth than both Indies valued double o'r.  
     'Tis pitty we ſhould ever part,  
 I ſhould be poor, if rob'd of thee my heart :  
     The t'other kiſs, and though I ſurſet on  
     The ſweetneſs of thy breath,  
 The blame ſhal lie me on alone :  
     Who'd not die ſuch a death ?

---



*To Claraſtella in a ſtorme at Sea.*

BE not afraid (fair *Venus* of the Sea )  
 Theſe waves but haſte to view thy Maſt;ie;  
 Glad to receive thee thus in ſhoals they croud  
 With plaudities expreſſing joys aloud:  
*Neptune* reſults and with his watry lip  
 Gladly ſaluteth that more happy ſhip  
 That bears ſo rich a treaſure ; knowing that  
 He a more precious gem did ne'r create :  
 Thus *Triton* and the Seagreen Gods doweare  
 Their freſh and beſt array when you appear ;  
 As Virgins welcom Spring ; whereas before  
 With ſad ſtil blackneſs they ſtood clouded o'r :  
 Thus the proud billows come but to admire,  
 To raiſe thy worth and thus advance thee higher ;  
 While they obſequiouſly about you throng  
 To guard your perſon, not to do you wrong :  
 Thus they approach with pure affection  
 Offering their backs for you to ride upon ;  
 Where if the waters troubled do appear  
 'Tis 'cauſe they in your brow ſuſpect a fear.  
 You great Commandreſs both by Sea and Land,  
 Why ſhould you then fear ought? at whoſe command  
 Rough *Boreas* and the Ocean doth obey,  
 And to its Queen thus tribute ſtrives to pay.  
 I am this Ship toſt in the waves of fear,  
 You the Pole-ſtar by which I only ſteer :  
 Love the unſkilful Pilot cannot fail  
 Homewards if you not blow a gentle gale  
 From your ſweet Zephire breath and ſend relief,  
 'Twil ſuffer ſhipwrack in a Sea of grief.  
 In your ſmooth face let but a calm appear,  
 Both ſhal be happy and both free from fear.

# Claraſtella.

## *To her, the Storm ceaſing.*

**H**OW *Neptune* ſmiles to view this Deitie  
Which all the hoarie Gods amaz'd to ſee,  
Are at a ſtand and cannot move  
When they behold this Queen of Love !

Thy brow not wrinkled now with fear, the ſea  
Reſumes its ſmoothneſs by a Sympathie :  
And whilſt thou ſmil'ſt the rougher main  
Is levell'd to a verdant plain.

A happy *Halcyon* calmneſs ſits upon  
The equal face of all the Ocean :  
And not a wave his head dares ſhow  
While thus in triumph you do go.

With ſuch fair Wind and Weather, oh let me  
Sail alwaies ! and I ne'r ſhal ſea-ſick be !

## *On Claraſtella walking in her Garden.*

**S**Ee how *Flora* ſmiles to ſee  
This approaching Deitie !  
Where each herb looks young and green  
In preſence of their comming Queen !  
*Ceres* with all her fragrant ſtore,  
Could never boaſt ſo ſweet a flow'r ;  
VWhile thus in triumph ſhe doth go  
The greater Goddeſs of the two.

Here

## Claraſtella.

43

Here the Violet bows to greet  
 Her with homage to her feet;  
 There the Lilly pales with white  
 Got by her reflexed light;  
 Here a Roſe in Crimſon die  
 Bluſhes through her modeſtie;  
 There a Panſie hangs his head  
 'Bout to ſhrink into his bed,  
 'Cause ſo quickly ſhe paſt by  
 Not returning ſuddenly;  
 Here the Currans red and white  
 In yon green buſh at her ſight  
 Peep through their ſhady leaves, and cry  
 Come eat me, as ſhe paſſes by;  
 There a bed of Camomil,  
 VVhen ſhe preſſeth it doth ſmel  
 More fragrant than the perfum'd Eaſt,  
 Or the *Phœnix* ſpicie neſt;  
 Here the Pinks in rows do throng  
 To guard her as ſhe walks along,  
 There the flexive Turnſole bends  
 Guided by rhe raies ſhee ſends  
 From her bright eies, as if thence  
 It ſuckt life by influence;  
 VVhilſt She the prime and chiefeſt flow'r  
 In all the Garden by her pow'r  
 And onely life-inſpiring breath  
 Like the warm Sun redeems from death  
 Their drooping heads, and bids them live  
 To tel us Shee their ſweets did give.

---

*On*

## Claraftella.

*On the lofs of Claraftella's  
black fan.*

**T**El me (fair wonder ! ) when the gentle air  
     Courtèd your wanton hair,  
 And hov'ring 'bout your face did beg a kiss,  
     Proud of fo great a blifs,  
 Why did your envious Fan to it denie  
     So chaft a libertie ?  
 Nor yet contented onely thus to do  
     Why did you hide it too ?  
 Why did you blind thofe lamps which both adorn,  
     And can miflead the Morn ?  
 Believe me 'twas unkindly done to skreen  
     That light was to be feen.  
 Though the bright luftre of your orient eies  
     Like the more pow'rful skies  
 Or dazles me, or fets my heart on fire  
     When I fo high afpire,  
 Your Baf'lik look with its bewitching art  
     Though it ftrike dead my heart,  
 And I ftand Planet-ftuck when e'r I view  
     So fair a ftar as you :  
 Yet do I languifh like the drooping night  
     In abfence of your light :  
 (For by your beams fuch warmth I do receive  
     By which alone I live )  
 That if you draw a cloud before this light,  
     'Tis with me darkeft night.  
 VVhen *Morpheus* once had on my drowfie bed  
     His fable mantle fpread  
 And drawn the curtains of Heav'ns Canopie,  
     Had veild the ftarry skie,  
 In this Cimmerian flumber as I lay,  
     Me thought I wifht for day,

Expecting

## Claraſtella.

45

Expecting when the roſie-fingred Morn  
     Should the black earth adorn,  
 When with his early raies he ſhould affright  
     The miſtie ſhades of night,  
 At laſt he came, and I beheld his ſteeds  
     Deckt in their Royal weeds,  
 And fair *Aurora* purpling all the ſkie,  
     Enlightned ev'ry eie,  
 How glad was I : and wiſht that never night  
     Might mask ſo great a light.  
 You were that *Phoſphor* I thus long'd to ſee  
     Hid in obſcuritie ;  
 And now your luſtre breaks forth like the day  
     Clad in her beſt array.  
 Oh happy loſs ! by which I gain a ſight  
     As precious as the light !

---

*To Claraſtella on a Noſegay of flowers  
 which ſhe wore at her boſome.*

IF Bees extract their ſweetneſs from each flow'r,  
 As theſe, theirs, from your breſt ; I thee devour  
 Alive then ( *Stella* ! ) when I honey eat ;  
 Rare food ! than Attick flow'rmel far more ſweet !  
 Yet as rob'd flow'rs preſerve their ſmel, ſtil fair,  
 So theſe freſh in thy boſomes garden are,  
 Though blown on, whoſe ſweet dewes and Sun above,  
 Make them grow there ſeed us, ſtil fragrant prove.  
 There's ſcarce a ſenſe, but thoſe thy flow'rs delight,  
 They pleaſe the touch, the taſt, the ſmel, the ſight ;  
 Yet thou the choiſeſt doſt this all, and moe,  
 Thou ſweetly doſt our hearing raviſh too.

Since like thoſe ſubtle Chymiſts then, you take  
 Sweetneſs from them too, one more exact to make,

Thy

46

## Claraftella.

Thy felf, which *Nectar* art, oh hiv'd might I  
Feed on thy Honey, and there melting lie !

---

## Song.

*I* Nueft my head with fragrant *Rofe*  
That on fair *Flora's* bofome grows !  
Distend my veins with purple juyce  
That mirth may through my foul diffufe !  
'Tis Wine and Love, and love in wine,  
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus crown'd with *Paphian* myrtle, I  
In *Cyprian* shades wil bathing lie,  
whose fnow is too much cooling, then  
*Bacchus* fhall warm my blood agen.  
'Tis Wine and Love, &c.

Life's fhort, and winged pleasures flie ;  
who mourning live, do living die :  
On down and flouds then *Swan-like* I  
Wil stretch my limbs, and finging die.  
'Tis Wine and Love, and love in wine  
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

---

On Claraftella difcovered fleeping  
in her bed.

*S*leep gentle foul ! and may a quiet reft  
Crown the fweet thoughts that harbour in thy brest !  
Keep her ye pow'rs divine ! let no foul fight  
Afflict her mind ! no horrors of the night,

No

## Claraſtella.

No fearful ſhapes or Apparitions  
 Diſturb her ſlumbers through ſad viſions !  
 I charge thee *Morpheus* thou pale God of ſleep,  
 See thou from her diſtempers, ſtartings keep !  
 Let all her dreams be Golden ! let them taſte  
 Of heav'nly pleaſures ! let them all be chaſt  
 Delights, Embraces, Wiſhes, and ſuch new  
 And proſp'rous hopes, as may at length prove true !  
 Show her rich Crowns and Garlands ! then let love  
 Chaſt as her ſleep, ſuch as the Gods above  
 Enjoy, ſteal in her mind, and repreſent  
 The perfect Image of her bleſt content !  
 There let her fix and entertain awhile  
 A parley with her thoughts ! then let her ſmile  
 As pleas'd at th' conference, or ſome other way  
 By a ſoft ſigh let her her love betray !  
 Thus pleaſe each ſenſe with various delight  
 And with freſh ſights prevent her appetite !  
 Thus let her ſleep ſecure, that ſhe may find  
 At once both eaſe in body and in mind !

I charge you wake her not ! no noiſe draw near  
 Her bed to whiſper in her quiet ear !  
 See how my charms have workt ! behold ſhe lies  
 Like Innocence her ſelf in white ! her eies  
 Shut 'gainſt all worldly vanitie, do ſhow  
 How little ſhe regards this earth below :  
 Her ſoul within, though active, yet is ſtil,  
 Which ſpeaks the calmneſs of her inward will.  
 The Zephyre wind doth not more gently blow  
 Nor with ſo ſoft or ſtil a motion flow  
 As her ſweet breath from her ; here we may find  
 The even pace of a wel-temper'd mind.

Bleſs me ! what thoughts poſſeſs my raviſht ſoul,  
 And ſtir my blood, I can them not controul !  
 I'm all enſlam'd ; and yet I dare not do  
 What the fair harmleſs object prompts me too.  
 She ſtirrs ; Oh ! I muſt vaniſh quickly hence,  
 Leſt I ſhould wake her, with ſome violence.

## Claraſtella.

*To her at departure.*

**T**hey erre  
 That think we parted are  
 Two ſouls in one we carry,  
 Half of which though it travel far  
 Yet both at home do tarry.  
 The Sun  
 When fartheſt off at Noon  
 Our bodies ſhade draws nigher:  
 My ſoul your's ſhadow, when I'm gone,  
 Waits cloſer through deſire.  
 Dear heart  
 Then grieve not 'cauſe we part,  
 Since diſtance cannot ſever:  
 For though my body walks apart  
 Yet I am with you ever.

---

## Elegiack Song.

**L**end me ye ſtreams your tears ! oh more !  
 Lend me al Neptun's watry ſtore  
 When he drownd all mankind ! that I  
 May in this deluge drown and die !  
 She's dead to me : unhappy fate,  
 That love, which burnt ſo clear of late,  
 Is now extinct : oh help ! and I  
 Will weep hers and mine obſequie.



## Claraſtella.

49

*To Cupid. Song.*

**T**Hou that haſt ſhot ſo many hearts  
*With thy enchanted darts !*  
 (Young Archer ! ) if thou haſt one more  
*In all thy ſtore,*  
*Send it, oh ſend it to my Love,*  
*Wing'd with the feathers of thy Mothers Dove!*

*Or head it with the ſame deſire,*  
*Thou didſt my ſhaft enſpire !*  
*Or take thine arrow back from me !*  
*'Tis crueltie*  
*Sometimes not to be cruel : Ob !*  
*Or ſmite both hearts, or els unbend thy bow !*

---

*To a Lady wearing a Looking-glaſſ*  
*at her girdle.*

**G**Aze not on that fair Mirrour, where you ſee  
 Nought but the ſhadow of your frailtie lie ;  
 VWhere beautie ſtaies no longer then you look  
 On the gilt outside of that rotten look  
 Your ſelf; where all's but duſt without, and ſuch  
 Foul leaves within ; why then admir'd ſo much ?  
 Since nothing can be lov'd but what hath been  
 Known to the ſence, or to the eie bin ſecn,  
 VWhy ſhou'd you doat upon that face which you  
 Never yet ſaw, nor have the pow'r to do ?  
 VWhoſe very ſhape when you have often pri'd  
 And re-examin'd every part, and ſpi'd  
 VVith ſtricteſt eie each line, and ſymmetrie,  
 Is clean forgot, when you remove your eie :

C

VWhich

50

## Claraſtella.

Which uſual inſtance may inſtruſt you not  
To ſtudie that, which is ſo ſoon forgot.

Since you nor ſee your ſelf, nor look upon  
That form but thus by meer reflection:  
How know you ? or why think you are fair ?  
Is it, 'cauſe fond admirers ſay you are,  
For want of judgement ? or ſome flattering Aſſe,  
Or this a great deal more diſſembling glaſſe  
Tels a fair ſtorie to your cred'lous eie,  
VVil you believe ſuch Romance hiſtorie ?  
VVhen the ſpruce gallant courts your hand, and vows  
Saluting it, he nothing whiter knows,  
Then gazing upward on that heav'nly ſphere,  
Swears you are Angel-like beyond compare,  
Excelling all your ſex, can you conceive  
That to be true, which he did leaſt believe ?  
VVhen th'am'rous youth looks Babies in your eies  
And through Loves flatt'ring optick he eſpies  
At the wrong end a world of beautie there,  
Blinded with paſſion thus 'twixt hope and fear,  
VVhen he proteſts he thinks he ſees in you  
Some God-like form, can you believe it too ?  
VVhen knowing men diſſemble truth ; alas !  
VVil you then truſt a dumb deceitful glaſs ?  
Embrace your ſelfe ? and like *Narciſſus* pore  
Upon that Chriſtal til you ſtart a flow'r ?

VVhich fades as ſoon as blown , ) admiring more  
That part your ſelfe, then others all the ſtore ?  
Then quit that coz'ning beam ! nor imitate  
The Mermaid to be onely upwards neat  
VVith comb and glaſs in hand, when we all know  
You'ar either fiſh or what is worſe, below.

The blanched Swan with whiteſt plumes arrai'd  
Til by her own black ſkin and legs betraid  
Did think her ſelf the faireſt bird, do you  
But look about you, you'l appear ſo too.  
VVhat boots a comly preſence, graceful eie,  
If all be foul except the Phiſnomie ?

VVife

# Claraſtella.

51

Wiſe men admire not beauty, birth or blood,  
How rich or fair, they aſk not, but how good ?  
Firſt dreſſe your ſoul ! ſee that be fair and clear,  
And then you'l truly beautiful appear.

---

## To Claraſtella.

'Tis not your beautie I admire,  
Nor the bright ſtar-light of each eie,  
Nor do I from their beams take fire  
My loves torch to enlighten, I :  
No : 'tis a Glorie more divine  
Kindles my rapour at your ſhrine.

Your comly preſence takes not me,  
Nor your much more inviting meen ;  
Nor your ſweet looks ; the Graces be  
(Fair Creature !) in your picture ſeen.  
No : 'tis your ſoul to which I bow,  
'Tis none of theſe I love, but you.

How blind is that Philoſophie  
Doth onely nat'ral bodies know ?  
That views each Orb o'th' glorious ſkie,  
But ſees not him that made it ſo.  
I love thy informing part, i'th' whol  
And every part, thy all ; thy ſoul.

---

## Claraſtella.

*The Farewel to Claraſtella.*

**P**Aſſion o' me ! why melt I thus with griefe  
 For her whoſe frozen heart denies reliefe ?  
 Find out ſome other way to puniſh me  
 Yee Gods ! and let me not the Author be  
 Of mine own death ! make me forget that e'r  
 I lov'd ! at leaſt that e'r I loved her !

Yet I muſt love her ſtil : O cruel Fate !  
 That doſt true love ſo ill requite with hate !  
 Why e'r I ſaw her didſt not make me blind ?  
 Then had ſhe as before continued kind  
 Without pow'r to diſpleaſe, her Charitie  
 Warm as my Love, and I had ſtil been I :  
 But now alas ! my diſtant bliſs I ſee,  
 Which like my courted ſhadow ſlieth mee  
 As faſt as I purſue : ay mee ! ſhe's gone,  
 And with her all my winged hopes are flown.

But oh ! if you one drop of mercy have,  
 Let me requeſt you ſhed it at my grave  
 When y'hear I died for you ! Oh let there be  
 One tear at leaſt ſhed from your pious eies  
 In mem'ry that I fel your ſacrifice !  
 Where though I cannot, yet my marble wil  
 Gainſt theſe ſoft ſnow's for me ſome tears diſtil.

Faireſt farewel ! and by my living love,  
 Maiſt thou to me when dead thus loving prove !  
 Shed from your eies perhaps one faithful tear  
 May make my aſhes quick again, how e'r  
 My ſhipwrackt love in theſe drops bath'd, at laſt  
 May drowning graſp what's next, and hold thee faſt,  
 Which whiſt I liv'd it could not ; thus I wil  
 Alive and dead ( my *Stella* ! ) love thee ſtil.

## Claraſtella.

53

*On the Report of Claraſtella's death.*

SHee dead ? forgive me Heav'n ! I'ad almost ſwore  
 That ſhe 'bout her had nothing mortal wore :  
 Her ſoul's immortal and her body too  
 Since't knew no actual ſin, muſt needs be ſo.  
 Our ſins do drag us to our graves, but ſhe  
 Had no ſuch harbingers ; her Pietie  
 Made her a Monarch in Divinitie,  
 And taught her how to live eternally.  
 It is not likely, guilty death ſhou'd take  
 Such Innocence away from us, or make  
 Immortal Virtue die : old *Adam* ſure  
 Had liv'd til now, could he have liv'd as pure  
 And free from either act or thought of vice,  
 Hee had surviv'd this age in Paradice.  
 Our ſins are our diſeaſes ; onely they  
 Invoke pale death, whom we all muſt obey  
 When he arreſts us for theſe debts, we know  
 Life's the cheap ranſome for the ſums we owe,  
 VVhich ſhe ne'r forfeited 'cauſe no diſeaſe  
 Upon her body or her ſoul could ſeize,  
 She was ſo ſound and perfect : why ſhould I  
 Believe that *Claraſtella* then could die ?  
 If wantonneſſe durſt ſteal into her mind  
 'Midſt her ſweet dreams, leaving a touch behind  
 Of phanſied pleaſure, yet ſhe wakt a maid,  
 And bluſhing, that ſhe ſhould be thus betrai'd,  
 By her own guiltleſſe thoughts, ſhe feard to tel  
 Ev'n what her viſions were, nor knew ſhe wel  
 What was their pleaſant meaning ; or if ſhee  
 Did but by chance two Lovers kiſſing ſee ;  
 Shee thought they did but imitate the Dove  
 Thus to affect with chaſt Platonick love.  
 Her ſalutations deckt with modeſtie,  
 Did like her ſmiles expreſſe humilitie.

54

## Claraſtella.

Thus was ſhe perfect Virgin, whiſt her love  
 Knew n<sup>o</sup>ther object but the Gods above.  
 How then durſt death, row<sup>r</sup>ds her his dart advance,  
 Whoſe onely ſin was harmleſs ignorance ?  
 Why ſhould I fondly drooping let mine eies  
 Yeild at the news, a liquid ſacrifice ?  
 Or let her dying rumour wound my years  
 Whoſe virtue did deſerve a *Neflors* years ?  
 I'l not believe then ſhe is dead, ſince I  
 Know ſhe hath merited Eternitie :  
 For were't, as envious Fame reports her gone,  
 'Twere but a happy tranſmigration,  
 To Heav'n ; where ſtil ſhe lives a Saint, and we  
 Do ſtil adore her living Deitie.

---

*To a Painter limning a Curtezan.*

**L**Eave off fond Artiſt, can't your wanton eie  
 Glance on a pleaſant face, but preſently  
 You muſt go court her with your pencil, and  
 Thus ſpoil th'invention of a witty hand ?  
 What need you paint her when the wicked Elſe,  
 Fearing no colours, daily *paints her ſelf* ?  
 What mean thoſe naked dreſſes ſilks and lawn ?  
 When ſhee's much fitter to *be hang'd then drawn* ?  
 Wouldſt thou expreſſe thy art and judgement ? ſay  
 Wouldſt thou be fam'd ? I'l tel you ; thus you may.  
 Paint me to life, a chaſt and virtuous Dame,  
 Whoſe ſpotleſs honour ſpeaks her ſtil the ſame,  
 In whoſe ſmooth forehead let there be expreſt  
 What Virgin thoughts ſhe harbours in her breſt !  
 Set forth her ſeverall Graces ! and her eie  
 Make to betray a cheerful modeſtie ?  
 Her ſober looks, and her aſpect is free,  
 Let them both innocent and ſimple be !

Then

## Claraftella.

55

Then in her cheeks exprefs that blushing grace  
 Which Vefal vows have printed in her face !  
 Then let thy Phanſie through her purer ſkin  
 Transparent make her chaſter ſoul within !  
 When you have drawn this piece, then Painter ſee  
 You not expoſe it to each common eie  
 That cannot judge ! to Lovers onely thoſe,  
 And not to luſtful eies this piece expoſe ?

---

*On the young and fair M<sup>rs</sup> M.H. her  
 hair being unfortunately burnt by chance  
 in the candle as ſhe was Combing  
 her head at night.*

UNluckie Traitour ! could thy greedy flame  
 Feed on ſuch fuel, and not devoure the ſame ?  
 How durſt thy dul pale flames ſo high aſpire,  
 And mix its lazie heat with Vefal fire ?  
 Oh how I grieve this direful chance ? to ſee  
 Theſe freſh leaves falling from the blooming tree,  
 And that the ſpring which was but now begun,  
 Should thus o'th' ſudden into Autumne run !  
 Ah cruel *Atrepos* ! why ſo ſoon would you  
 Thus rudely cut thoſe threads of life in two ;  
 Thoſe neat diſhevel'd locks whoſe every grace  
 Scorning arts help, ſet forth a nearer face ?  
 With what pale horror do I wondring ſee  
 This ſight, and fear what the event will be !  
 Methinks it now portends ſome overthrow,  
 Threatens ſome great mans ruine, and doth ſhow  
 Like lightning 'fore the thunder, bidding all  
 Be arm'd againſt the ſtroak : or now I call  
 To mind fair *Helen Troy* did ſo admire,  
 Me thinks it represents that town on fire.

56

## Claraſtella.

Had this but *Lillie* ſeen he would have ſaid  
 It was ſome blazing Comet ; and that head  
 Which was thus criſped o'r with pureſt raies  
 Was all a heav'nly Meteor, that did blaze  
 Her Virtues forth to the worlds open eie  
 As Emblem of her rare divinitie.  
 Or had miſtook thee in this borrow'd light  
 For brighteſt *Phæbe* Miſtreſſe, of the night,  
 By thoſe bright Star-like tapours of thine eies.  
 Oh may another lovely Phoenix riſe  
 From theſe ſweet aſhes, whoſe ſad fun'ral pile  
 With fragrant odours thus perfumes our Iſle !  
 But thou curſt light that wroughtſt this Tragedie,  
 In thy own flames maiſt thou a martyr die.

---

*Writ on Claraſtella's Buſk.*

**M**ight I o' nights in thy room lie  
 Twixt *Stella's* warmer mounts of ſnow,  
 So neer her heart diſſolving, I  
 No higher *Paradiſe* would know ;  
 Such envi'd bliſs would make me ſtray,  
 VVhither the Gods themſelves would bow,  
 And leave heav'ns upper milkie way,  
 To breath in happier ſhades below.

---

*Deploring Claraſtella's Inconſtancie.*

**F**Air and yet cruel ? ſtrange me thinks that art  
 Should aſt amiſs, where Nature plai's her part !  
 Can you a gentle Saint, a Tyrant prove ?  
 Can your diviner ſoul forget to love ?

Can



## Claraſtella.

57

Can Winter ſet in ſuch a love-warm breaſt  
Which was with ſo much heat but now poſſeſt ?  
Are the flames dying, and loves active fires  
Congeal'd to froſts, and freez'd to cold deſires ?  
And thoſe fair Violet veins the verdant Spring  
Did ſo enliven now no heat can bring ?  
Can you that carried Summer in your lips  
Red as the Cherrie ſuffer an Eclipse ?  
That in the Apples of your cheeks did wear  
A fertile Autumn now no fruit can bear ?  
All heat extinguiſht ? not one ſpark of fire  
Now left, but to inkindle new deſire ?  
Strange mixture this, when I at once may view  
All the four ſeaſons of the year in you !  
Some health for pitty to my hopes reſtore ?  
Or love me not at all, or love me more !  
Under this Equinox my ſhadows are  
Quite round me ; whiſt I live in black deſpair ;  
Frigid nor torrid zones can I endure :  
They bred cold Agues, theſe a Calenture.

---

## Loves *Hæſitation.*

### To Claraſtella.

WHy ſhould I love that thing  
Can no affection bring ?  
Since reaſon doth from liking draw  
Reciproque friendship, ſhall I thaw  
When her love freezeth ? tel me why  
When ſhe diſdaineth, ſhould not I ?  
Yet Loves Religion  
Bids me love, though ſhe frown ;  
By whoſe more ſacred lawes Heav'n knowes  
We are enjoyn'd to love our foes :

C 5

Though

58

## Clarastella.

Though she reject me then, yet I  
Must love my *Stella*, til I die.

*Love* ! I your pow'rs obey

True love can ne'r decay :

And since that Virtue lives in you  
Which made me like, and love you too  
At first ; I am oblig'd, and I  
Must love thee to Eternitie.

*To Clarastella admiring her black  
Eies and Hair.*

**L** Et others Court the Cyprian Queen,  
Gilt tresses, or the Amber skin !  
Give me black eies and hair,  
Presum'd the face be fair,  
And a Seraphick soul within !

The Swan though black below, above  
Is the white object of our love,  
So is *Juno's* prouder bird,  
For her black eies admir'd  
And 'cause they are so, I yours approve,

*Apelles* limning a faire maid,  
Let fall by chance his pen, and said  
That though he meant it not,  
Yet could not mend the blot,  
It did expresse so rare a shade,

If shadowes best set forth a face,  
Adorning it with beauties grace,  
Then are you onely fair,  
Whose form beyond compare,  
Is the birth of humane race.

## Clarastella.

59

In your bright eies decipher'd are  
 The Ev'ning and same morning star,  
     Sole Glorie of the Night,  
     Deckt with such raies of light,  
 No day can boast so rich by far.

The Lovers Torch doth burn most bright  
 Like Comets in the darkeſt night ;  
     And the black Boy ſtil roves,  
     In ſap and ſhadie groves,  
 And like you crowns Loves ſweet delight.

---

*To Clarastella complaining of  
 my long kiſſes.*

**M**Adam! I vow I never knew  
 One creature of your ſex till you,  
 Find fault with what was long in men.  
 Oh do not geld my Phantſie then !  
 Nor blame my pleaſures extaſie,  
 That when each ſenſe is feaſted, I  
 Thus taſt each pure Ambroſiack kiſſe,  
 And by degrees melt down my bliſſe.  
     Oh thoſe ſmooth, ſoft, and Rubie lips,  
 That fright the Sun to an Eclipse,  
 Whoſe Roſie and Virmilion hue  
 Betray the bluſhing thoughts in you :  
 Whoſe fragrant Amoraſtick breath  
 Wou'd revive dying Saints from death,  
 Whoſe Syren-like harmonious air  
 Speaks muſick and enchants the ear ;  
 VVho would not hang ? and fixed there  
 VViſh he might know no other ſphere ?  
 Oh for a charm to make the Sun  
 Drunk, and forget his motion !

Oh

60

## Claraſtella.

Oh that ſome palsie or lame gout  
 Would cramp old times diſeaſed foot !  
 Or that I might, or moult or clip  
 His ſpeedy wings, whiſt on her lip  
 I quench my thirſty appetite  
 With the life honey dwels on it !  
 Oh for a Crane-like neck that may  
 This Nectar ſlowly thence convey !  
 Then on this holy Altar, I  
 Would ſacrifice eternally,  
 Offering one long continued mine  
 Of Golden pleaſures to thy ſhrine.  
 I mean not *Pompeys* biting kiſs  
*Flora* did ſo commend : nor his  
 Venerious ſip *Catullus* us'd  
 Where lip-ſalve was from each infus'd  
 No : a more holy chaſt impreſſe,  
 May th' image of each mind expreſſe  
 As perfect as the wax the ſeal :  
 Such kiſſes do not wound, but heal.  
 Kiſſing, thou ſacred kiſſing art  
 Onely the intelleſtive part  
 Of pleaſure ; by which union  
 Our ſouls diſcourſe and meet in one  
 Fixt Center, whiſt in a ful kiſs  
 Each am'rous line concentred is :  
 Nor doth it violate Chaſtitie,  
 Or forfeit like Adulterie.  
 The dowry now, as heretofore,  
 ( when but to ſpeak, or ſee, was more  
 Immodeſt deem'd, at leaſt as much,  
 A Woman ; as 'tis now to touch.)  
 Thus with chaſt lips we blow Loves fire  
 To a live coal ; thus fan it higher :  
 Thus do we ſeal affections band,  
 VVhich onely death can cancel : and  
 VVhilst both our hearts and lips do meet  
 Thus do our ſouls each other greet :

Thus

## Clarastella.

61

Thus we engender speaking Love  
 Peculiar only to the Dove :  
 Whereas all other bodies heat  
 Of Lust doth them incorporate  
 But only in the act ; yet we  
 Thus renew love t' eternitie  
 With fresh unsated appetite,  
 And without shame or sad regret ;  
 Which true experience doth prove  
 The difference betwixt Lust an Love.  
 Then let us kifs like Turtles, close  
 Until we both seem one : til those  
 That see our hearts saluting thus  
 Shal not disturb, but envy us.  
 Coynefs in women makes men more  
 Suspect they'l *do* behind the door :  
 If thus you think I kifs too much ;  
 Know that my love to you is such,  
 That whensoe'r it pleaserh you  
 I'l closer kifs, drink deeper too.

---

*To Clarastella. Why Lovers  
 walk round.*

'TIs oft observ'd that those who are in love  
 Do, when they walk, in spherick circle move ;  
 A motion to its nature genuine :  
 So move the Heav'ns and Love that is divine  
 And heav'n-deduced draws like that his gcst  
 A round, because that figure is the best.  
 Love is a Labyrinth wherein wandring men  
 Tread the same pensive measur's o'r agen :  
 The Soul her feet th' affection guides, and moves  
 To the same object that she truly Loves.

Thus

62

## ClaraStella,

Thus when I walk so often round, I move  
To thee the Center Nature bids me love.

---

*A Pastoral Protest of Love by  
Damon to Stella.*

WHEN I thee all o'r do view  
I all o'r must love thee too.  
By that smooth forehead wher's exprest  
The candour of thy peaceful breast :  
By those fair twin-like-stars that shine,  
And by those apples of thine eyn :  
By the Lambkins and the Kids  
Playing 'bout thy fair eie-lids :  
By each peachie blossom'd cheek,  
And thy Sattin skin more sleek  
And white then *Flora's* whitest Lillies  
Or the maiden Daffadillies :  
By that Ivorie porch thy nose :  
By those double blanch'd rows  
Of teeth, as in pure Coral set :  
By each azure rivolet,  
Running in thy temples, and  
Those flowrie meadows 'twixt them stand:  
By each Pearl-tipr ear by Nature, as  
On each a Jewel pendant was :  
By those lips all dew'd with blifs.  
Made happy in each others kifs :  
By those pure Vermilion cherries  
Thy red nipples, and those strawberries  
Swimming there as set in cream :  
By those two curld locks, that seem  
To wreath thy Lover in way'd art  
That from thee he ne'r should part :

By

## Clarastella.

63

By those silk tresses soft as down  
 Of tender Eunuches newly blown,  
 That vail your body round when e'r  
 In your own shades you'd less appear :  
 By that silver stately neck  
 Doth thy gems more grace and deck  
 Then *they* can it : by those two  
 Soft and wool-warme mounts of snow :  
 By each Alabaster hand,  
 And those slender joynts that stand  
 So streight and closely set, each palm  
 Seems a young tree, distilling balm :  
 Midst that pregnant Hemisphear  
 By the fair knot that's planted there :  
 By those moving columns bear  
 This Globe and the lov'd frame uprear :  
 By those pretty nimble feet  
 Wont in skilful measures meet :  
 By the neat fabrick of the whole,  
 Fair as the world from either Pole,  
 Whose each part is Paradise,  
 And Heav'n both in, and round, it is.  
 By thy self, when thee I view  
 I love thy *all*, and each part too.

---





# Occasional POEMS:

---

*By Robert Heath, Esquire.*

---

*Majores majora sœcant, mihi parva locute  
Sufficit, in vestras sæpe redire manus.*

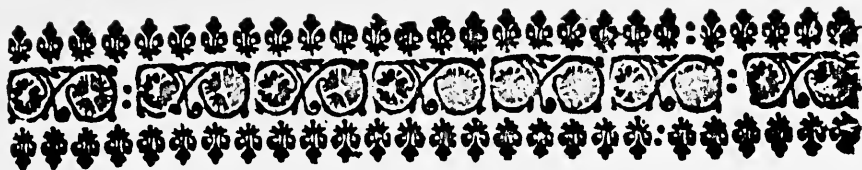
Mart. li. 9. Ep. 1.

---

LONDON,

Printed for HUMPHRY MOSELEY,  
and are to be sold at his Shop at the  
signe of the Princes Arms in S. Pauls  
Church-yard, 1650.





## Occasional Poems.

---

*To an old Gentlewoman that would  
have her Picture drawn.*



What strange impossibles are those  
That one fam'd *Myron* you impose?  
Drawn to the life you'd be you say,  
When you are dying every day;  
In colours too, when there's but one

All o'r your face, and that is dun.  
Heel draw 'tis like thy shadows true,  
For thou art all but shadow'd blue.  
If fair then thou wu'dst counted be  
His pigments let him lay on thee,  
And with a trowel dawb and sleek  
The wroughcast of each wrinkled cheek,  
Else but in vain he shal on you  
Spend both his oyl and labour too.  
Drawn with black lead or with a coal  
Over some Alehouse chimney wal,  
Thy picture best wil semble thee  
By some rough Dialler; when he,  
Shal underwrite in meeter, this  
The widow of *Sarepta* is,  
Or 'twil shew best through lattice-work,  
Here an old woman, there the Turk.

Yet

## 2 Occasional Poems.

Yet if thou needs must have it done  
 Let me say this in caution  
 Unto thy Painter, that he plie  
 And speed his work, or thou wilt die  
 Before the third dayes sitting : when  
 (If thou canst live so long) that then,  
 (Because thoult ne'r be at th' expence  
 To take thy il lookt figure thence)  
 He would but send the piece to me ;  
 I'd rather have it far then thee,  
 To hang up 'mongst my *Sybels*, or  
 Foul Hags, lest some mistake thee for  
 One of the Fatal Destinies  
 Or Helbred Furies worse then these.  
 But I'm afraid 'tis his design  
 To sel thee for some Tavern sign,  
 (If he not hang thee out a loof  
 Oth' back oth' Change as weather proof)  
 And I shal see thee thy ruin'd face  
 Hang out in *Southmark*, old Queen *Bess*.

---

## Epithalamium Amatorium

### To Aurora.

Why peeps the envious Morne so soon upon  
 The pleasures of our bed ?  
 Pul back thy fierie coursers Phaeton !  
 And drive not til I bid !  
 And lest thy headstrong steeds their reins shu'd break,  
 That Virgin girdle take  
 I now unti'd ! too soon for you it is  
 And me, our rosie nests to leave, and rise.

Have

## Occasional Poems.

3

Have I so many tedious Suns beheld  
 And nights in sighing spent,  
 E'r to temptation I could make her yield ?  
 And would you now prevent  
 The long-wisht harvest of my joys delight ?  
 Nor grant as long a night ?  
 Go back to thy lov'd *Thetis* bosome ! go !  
 Whilst in our beds wee'l sport it longer too.

I'd have the world til we our curtains ope,  
 Expect the Morning star,  
 And from my glorious Darlings blushes, hope  
 The Day may once appear :  
 'Tshud be then alwaies night the saies, that we  
 Might ne'r discover'd be.  
 So might it be ! for whilst she's in mine arme,  
 In her Suns shade I'd keep me ever warme.

---

*On the strange unfortunate breaking of a  
 Glass in a Tavern.*

H Appy mischance ! if happy I may cal  
 What by so strange misfortune did befall !  
 The Ganymede that had perform'd its trust,  
 Discharg'd so many healths and them so just,  
 Brok of it self, and falling to the ground,  
 Foretold our fortunes if we kept the round.  
 Had it surviv'd the Nectar thence did flow  
 Our brains had crackt or els we faln as low.  
 But tel me little glass my *quodam* friend !  
 How didst thou come to this untimely end ?  
 Did any fatal or unluckie hand  
 Throw thee to ruine 'gainst thy *Joves* command ?

No :

## 4 Occasional Poems.

No : 'twas a stranger fal ; I rather think,  
The wine did make thee fal which thou didst drink,  
Though the diviner sack Immortal bee,  
The glasse that holds it yet may die I see.

---

### *Drinking on a rainy day.*

OH : 'tis a rainy drinking day !  
Come let it pow're  
Weel drink these clouds all drie away  
Suck every show'r  
The envious Earth shal not drink all, for we  
Our plants wil water too aswel as she.  
The clouds that fatness drop from heav'n  
Descend to us  
Ev'n to invite us reach them to enliven  
Our spirits thus :  
Then sink or swim, weel moisten thirsty care,  
And though the weather's foul, weel drink it fair.

---

*To one that hearing I had some faculty  
in Poesie, simply requested me to  
write somewhat on his dear  
wife lately dead.*

HAd I so wel but known thy Ligbie, as  
Sire Adam once his Eve did know  
Then I might say thy wife a good one was :  
But I ne'r saw, nor knew her so.

Wud'ft

## Occasional Poems.

5

Wu'dst ha' me then extol her beauties fire ?  
 Most say she lookt, and *painted* wel !  
 Should I her unknown secret parts admire,  
 Or hidden qualities forthtel ?  
 Troth I ne'r heard one good she had, for what,  
 Thou falsely thoughtst one, loving thee ;  
 Now's out of fashion, and esteem'd a fault.  
 Then in her praise, I'l silent be ;  
 Since Silence best suits me as each of them :  
 For Womens pride affecteth such  
 Grosse flatt'ry, that who undertakes the theam ;  
 Speaks both too little, and too much.

---

*On Copernicus his opinion of the  
 earths turning round.*

*Copernicus* was of opinion  
 That the Earths globe by spherick motion  
 Turn'd round, and that the Heav'ns were fixt : the man  
 Was drunk sure or on shipboard, when his brain  
 Hatcht this *Mæander* ; for to such the land  
 Doth only seem to move when they do stand.

When *Noahs* floud had turn'd the land to Sea  
 And the earth seem'd one floating Isle to be,  
 The world then rid on waves indeed, and then  
 Ith' Ark there was no *terra firma* seen :  
 Yet true we find what was but Phansie then,  
 (For th' world if we but understand the men  
 That live therein) for they alas turn round  
 And scotomized sail on firmest ground :  
 Or drunk with madnes, with their poreblind cies  
 Think States wel settled totter though they rise.  
 A strange *Vertigo* or *Delirium*,  
 Oth' brain it is, that thus posselles'um ;

Whilst

## 6 Occasional Poems.

Whilst like to fashions grown Orbicular,  
Kingdoms thus turn'd, and overturned are :  
Nothing but fine Eutopian worlds ith' moon  
Must be *new form'd* by revolution.  
Nor doth the *State alone* on fortunes wheels  
Run round, alas our *rock Religion*, reels :  
We have saild so far the Antipodian way  
That into darkness we have turnd our day.  
Amidst these turnings 'tis some comfort yet,  
Heav'n doth not flie from us, though we from it.

---

*To one that was so impatient with the  
tooth-ach that he would not rest til all  
his teeth were drawn forth.*

HOW ! branch and root ? that's too severe,  
Let penal laws suffice ! howe'r  
Do not extirpate the whole breed,  
Which one day you may so much need !  
That is the last and worst extream  
To 'stroy all, cause some are too blame.  
If your right hand offend, I know  
You may cut't off, your right eie too  
If that offend, pluck out ; but 'sooth,  
I find not so you may one tooth :  
Unless perhaps in drink and heat  
With pots or candlesticks y'have beat  
Teeth out of this or that mans head,  
Then eie and tooth, for tooth indeed  
Should be repaid. But tel me when  
Your teeth are gone, what wil you then  
For grinders do ? you'l learn to chew  
The cud, drink, and eat spoon-meat too ?

Suck



## Occasional Poems.

7

Suck agen wil you not ? I'm sure  
 That self-preservation Nature  
 Commands ; what should we more preserve  
 Then teeth, whose want would make us sterve?  
 Do we not live by them ? who w'ud  
 Deprive himself of's livelihood ?

But since you have an aking tooth  
 To leave no jacks within your mouth,  
 And are so far run mad with pain  
 You are resolv'd to have all drane ;  
 Let not the Barbar-surgion set  
 Them string'd on scarlet forth, but let  
 Them in a box be kept, and shown  
 For those that fel from that jawbone  
 That *Samson* fought with ; and I'll swear,  
 That they the very Asses were.

*On Whip the Preaching  
 Coachman.*

DRive right thou furious *Jehu* ! that hast stept  
 From the square coach-box and profoundly leapt  
 To a round Preaching tub ! O how he feels,  
 With learning that he rubd from horses heels,  
 Himself inspir'd oth' sudden ! now for th' cause  
 And overthrow of all good humane laws !  
 So *Phaeton* drove his car, which overturn'd  
 Through headless furie, thus, the world it burnd.  
 What a strange Metamorphosis is this ?  
 A frock turn'd to a linnen Ephod is ;  
 No Tailour *Iohn* of *Leiden* extant now  
 To consecrate this groom a Prophet too,  
 As *Beold* did *Tuscoverer* ? that then  
 He in reward may crown him King agen?

D

Like

## 8 Occasional Poems.

Like as *Caligula* when he did sein  
Himself a God, his great horse did ordein  
His Priest ; a God and Prophet much alike,  
Both might have learnt of *Baalams* Ass to speak.  
Yet see how *Muncers* spirit reigns in him !  
And like phanatick *Phifers* makes him dream  
More revelations in one night, then th' old  
Patriarchs and Prophets visions did behold !  
Which phansied novels he doth oft obtrude  
To the weak faith oth' giddy multitude.  
*Rotman* or *Cniperdolin* never knew  
Such marks oth' godly as this Saint can shew :  
Whilst thus like *John Matthias*, he contemns  
All books except the Bible, and condemns  
Each human Authour to the flames, that all  
Ith' mist of ignorance may prove mistical.  
Polygamie of Churches he doth cal,  
A fornication spiritual :  
When he expoundeth oh 'tis strange to see  
After large sighs, in what an extasie  
He speechless prays ! just as the *Darvises*  
Amongst the Turks, so in a trance he is ;  
These Prophets as they stile them, having run  
Round til they loose their breath, fall senceless down ;  
And after some short sleep awaking tel  
Their studied dreams as from an Oracle.  
So this Enthusiast after many sighs  
And turnings of the eggs of his twinckling eies,  
Streight *Epileptick* in this rapture grows,  
Where after many yawns and feined shows  
Of a transported mind, at last the Elf,  
Delivers nonsense like the mouth of *Delph*.

Leave, leave thou russet *Rabbi* ! leave for shame !  
And do not thus abuse that holy name  
And function of a Preacher ! drive agen !  
Currie thy horses and not Christian men !  
Else prophane huckster with thy whip thou maist  
E'r long be scourg'd, and forth the *Temple* cast.

## Occasional Poems,

9

*On the unusual cold and rainie weather  
in the Summer. 1648.*

**W**Hy puts our Grandame Nature on  
 Her winter coat, e'r summers done?  
 What hath she got an ague fit?  
 And thinks to make us hov'ring fit  
 Over her lazie Embers? else why should  
 Old *Hyems* freeze our vernal bloud?  
 Or as we each day, grow older,  
 Doth the world wax wan and colder?  
 'Tis so: See how nakt Charitie  
 Sterves in this frozen age! whilst we  
 Have no other heat but glow-worm zeal  
 Whose warmth we see but cannot feel.  
 All chang'd are *Ceres* golden hairs  
 To clouded grey, and nought appears  
 In *Flora's* dresse: our hopes do die  
 And oth' sudden blasted lie.  
 Heav'ns glorious lamps do wast away,  
 The Elements themselves decay,  
 And the mixt bodies mutinie  
 By a rebellious sympathie;  
 Whilst the distemper'd world grows pale,  
 And sickning threatens death to all:  
 So in an instant waters swept  
 The old worlds monsters, whilst they wept  
 It's funeral: but the new world's sins  
 Are so deep di'd no floud can rinse.  
 Nothing but lightning and Heav'ns fire  
 Can purge our pestilential aire.

## Occasional Poems.

*Farewel to passionate Love.*

**F**AREWEL fond Love ! I'l never bow  
 Slave like unto my fetters I,  
 Fair Sex ! I'l not adore you now  
 Yet love you as my libertie :  
 Love grown adust with Melancholy,  
 To madnes turns or extream folly.  
 About and with your fires I'l play  
 But with as loose and gentle touch  
 As boys from hand to hand tosse away  
 Live coals, lest they should burn too much.  
 Too ne'r his heart who lets love come  
 Suffers a wilful Martyrdome.  
 Stout Souldiers in an Enemies land  
 March not too far sans fear or wit,  
 E'r they resolve or to withstand,  
 Or wisely make a safe retreat.  
 Bodies when joyn'd engaged are,  
 Piqueering's better sport by far.

---

*The Excuse.**To the Ladie E. B.*

**Y**OUR lovely fair did first invite  
 Me to that strange demand,  
 Your wanton eie big with delight,  
 Made me to understand  
 You pleasant as your looks, where every glance  
 Did raise and court my warm blood to advance.

*Then*

## Occasional Poems.

11

*Then blame not me for loving you,  
 who if allow'd would not do so ?*  
 Henceforth I'll sit demure by you,  
 Nor speak when you w'd hear,  
 Just as I w'd your picture view,  
 Behold you and admire.  
 For if I speak, you prompt my tongue with love,  
 And 'cause I tel't you, you unkind reprove.  
*Then blame not me for saying so,  
 Since 'twas your beauty bid me woe.*

---

*Equalitie**To two fair Mistresses.*

**S**Hal I freize between two fires ?  
 Or doth a numness ceaze on me ?  
**E**ach star inflames me with desires,  
 Yet which to chuse I cannot see  
 Since reason admires equally.  
*Then give me both  
 For faith and troth  
 I should be loath  
 Each should not pleased be.*

**O**r you who so perfect are,  
 That nature hath her self outdone  
**I**n making you bright lights so fair!  
 Rule by your turns! that so each one  
 May cool the heat oth' to' other Sun !  
*And Love me both !  
 For faith and troth  
 I should be loath,  
 Each should not pleased be.*

## Occasional Poems.

*To a friend. Ode.*

**A**ffect not aierie Popularitie  
 But what thou wouldst be thought, that strive to be !  
 Praise is but Virtues shadow ; who court her  
 Doth more the handmaid then the Dame admire.  
 Who only doth wel, wel spoke of to bee,  
 Studies the praise and not the virtue, he.  
 To blaze thy virtues ne'r bespeak thy friend !  
 If good, they speak thee and themselves commend.  
 Now men but judge by heare-say, thus, they'l know,  
 And see thy worth, and judge it greater too.  
 True worth is best displaid by modestie  
 The greatest rivers slide most silentlie,  
 Only the shallow brooks do prattle, they  
 Make a great noise and go but little way.  
 Fame that doth feed oth' vaine applause of men,  
 Gapes to its Eccho to be heard agen :  
 And like this, lives awhile by others breath ;  
 Which being stopt is hush't to silent death.  
 Good actions crown themselves with lasting baies,  
 Who deserves wel, needs not anothers praise.  
 Virtue's her own reward ; though, *Euge*, none  
 Wil cry, 'tis Guerdon yet to have wel done.

---

*A sudden Phansie at  
 Midnight.*

**H**ow ist we are thus melancholic ? what  
 Are our rich ferkins out ? or rather that

Which

## Occasional Poems.

13

Which did inspire them, the Immortal wine ,  
 That did create us, like it self, divine ?  
 Or are we *Nectar*-sated to the hight ?  
 Or do we droop under the aged night ?  
 If so : weel vote it ne'r to be eleven  
 Rather then *thus* to part at six and seaven:  
 Moult then thy speedy wings old Time ! and be  
 As slow-pac't as becomes thy age ! that we  
 May chirp awhile, and when we take our ease,  
 Then flie and poast as nimbly as your please !  
 Play the good fellow with us, and sit down  
 A while, that we may drink the to'ther round !  
 I'l promise here is none shal thee misuse,  
 Or pluck thee by the foretop in abuse.  
 Time saies he wil nor can he stay, 'cause he  
 Thinks him too grave for your young companie.

It makes no matter——Sirs

How say you yet toth' tother *Subsidie* ?  
 Yes yes : And let our Ganymede nimbly flie  
 And filus of: the same Poetick sherrie  
*Ben-Iohnson* us'd to quaffe to make him merrie.  
 Such as would make the *grey-beard bottles* talk  
 Had they but tongues, or, had they legs, to walk :  
 Such as would make *Apollo* smile, or wu'd  
 Draw all the Sisters to our Brotherhood.  
 And though the bald Fool staies not, let him know  
 Weel sit and drink as fast as he shal go.  
 So as the salt Anchovis swam in oyl,  
 Wee'l make them swim again in sacks sweet spoil.

14 Occasional Poems.

*On a Map of the World accidentally fallen  
into the water and spoiled.*

**T**He world drown'd once agen ? sure holy text  
Saies it should be by fire dissolv'd next.  
*Deucalion* then weeps for this world, as much  
As once for th' old he did, it's sins are such:  
And as before he drown'd a world of men,  
In figure thus by chance it sinks agen.

Who *Plato's* book of Commonwealth did view  
By mice devour'd and thought thence would ensue  
A fatal Period of the publick State ;  
Would ha' presag'd the like unhappy fate  
(Had but he seen this) were attending us,  
And construed this dire chance as ominous  
I'll not obtrude for truths Prophetick dreams ;  
Yet *Mara's* waters like *Nile's* feav'nfold streams  
'Tofore that gently did but wet this Land  
Now in a purple lake of bloud do stand  
And quite o'rwhelm't : and which is worse we fear  
No Olivebranch wil e'r agen appear.  
The Microcosme of individual man  
See how that wavers in an Ocean  
Of perillous inconstancie ! whilst phlegme  
And crude raw humours quench the fires in him ;  
That his split-sailes bear not the gentlest blast  
See how the Moral world in strife doth wast !  
And by like jarring doth decay ! whilst we  
From ill to worse stil slide, and in a sea  
Of Error drown at last ! Since then we see  
Both these and the material world must be  
I'th end dissolv'd : I grieve the lesse for thee,  
That art all theirs but thin Epitomie.

*Upon*



## Occasional Poems.

15

*Upon the sight of an old but very deformed woman.*

† Saw a woman : Bless me ! did I say  
 A woman or a Witch ? or what you may  
 Or can more horrid think, a Furie ; she  
 Was more deform'd then Deaths Anatomic  
 Nor the black ink, nor this more ragged quill  
 Can dawb her forth, she look't so monstrous ill.  
 A Camel-back with a crookt baker-knee,  
 Bow'd like a token for the earth was she :  
 Her eies two inches buried in her head  
 Like leaden bullets seem'd, they lookt so dead :  
 Her nose did like a Promontorie, threat  
 With its appendant drop the chin to meet.  
 Her eie brows hairie, and her rougher brow  
 Furrow'd with wrinkles did like trenches show ;  
 Her parched hair did hang like wither'd hay,  
 About her ears, it was so drie and grey :  
 Her lean chops rough and hollow as the earth  
 When chopt for rain in a drie summers dearth :  
 The mark was out of her coney-mumping mouth,  
 Where if a tongue yet was there ne'r a tooth ;  
 Which when she op't, 'twas but to fart a cough,  
 Where who stood by would wish him farther off :  
 Her lips like th' Monkies hairy hard and thin  
 And in her bosome hung her forked chin.  
 Thus monstrous uglied and deform'd was she ;  
 From such a wainscoat face, *Deliver me !*

---

## Occasional Poems.

*On the late Sect of the  
Adamites.*

A Sect of *Adamites* of late's reviv'd,  
 Who seem more innocent then e'r *Adam* liv'd.  
 Such as will naked go, and think't a sin  
 To wear a garment, they're so hot within  
 With Lust, that they all cloathing do disdain;  
*Aarons* old Vestments they account prophane,  
*Elisha's* double mantle when they hear  
 But nam'd, they sweat agen : they nought wil wear,  
 Not holy lawn to keep them from the air,  
 Nor St. *Johns* raiment, made of Camels heir :  
 These Vestal garments though they holy be,  
 Yet they do smel of strong hypocrisie,  
*Denias* must leave his cloak, not any thing  
 Must here be worn, no nor a wedding ring,  
 Nor fig-leaves, such as *Adam* wore long since,  
 When he had lost his Robe of Innocence.  
 The whore of *Babels* smock they all detest,  
 All Antichristian Reliques with the rest.  
 All must be barely naked ; 'cause they say  
 Truth it self naked goes, and so should they.  
 Naked as from their mothers wombs, they wear  
 Nothing that covers onely skin and hair ;  
 Thus marching naked Sister, with a brother,  
 For want of clothes they cover one another  
 In some dark Grange thus meet they, where 'tis fit  
 That they the deeds of darkness should commit :  
 The candles are put out, because they say  
 They are enlightned all, and so they pray ;  
 Here they begin ; and thus divide the text,  
 Handling in order whosoe'r comes next.  
 They feel a womans faith, tel by th' spirit  
 ( Which doth possess them ) which shal heav'n inherit.  
 Each

## Occasional Poems.

17

Each Saint his fellow-feeler chuseth there,  
 As at the Spring each bird doth choose his Peer.  
 And when they all grow proud with hot desires,  
 Thus they correct and quench the rising fires.

---

*To a Ladie on the Death of  
 her little Dog.*

**M**Adam, that any dog should die,  
 I not at all do wonder, I ;  
 Nor can I yours bemoane indeed,  
 Since like it self a dog it died.  
 Yet 'twas a pretty dog, I vow,  
 Descended wel, welfavoured too ;  
 Kept clean, and cleanly with the maid  
 Ayr'd it self every day, 'tis said :  
 Then it would smiling fawn, and at  
 Your trencher with much dutie waite ;  
 Bark when it wanted chicken, and  
 Would take no meat but from your hand ;  
 And like your shadow follow you  
 Close wheresoever you would go :  
 Then to your bed 'twould duly come  
 And lick you where you pleas'd, whose room  
 Many good Christians would have tane  
 With willing hearts, and there have lane.  
 Lastly (which must not be forgot)  
 'Twas good condition'd ; was it not ?  
 A Dog of wax assoon it was ;  
 It did not *Tobits* dog surpass,  
 In mood and form that wag'd his taile  
 As 'twould ha' said to his master, haile !  
 When bold *ulisses* after ten  
 Whole years to *Ithaca* agen

Return'd

## 18 Ocasional Poems.

Return'd his dog yet him did know  
 And welcom'd home ; your dog had no  
 Such memorie I think ; nor would  
 Ha' shown such daintie tricks as could  
 The Tinkers cur of *wapping*, that  
 Did pray and dance on two, and what  
 More wondrous is, with taile in's mouth  
 Trip the Canaries round forsooth.  
 Your dog I grant was better bred,  
 Brought up at hand ; and better fed  
 Then taught, for this same stately wretch  
 Scorn'd ought to carry or to fetch.  
 What worth was in it then, that you  
 So much should prize and love it too ?  
 For I'l be bold the last great fal  
 Of men where Death had conquer'd all  
 The field almost, and you did loose  
 On each side friends, that none of those  
 Nor, all so much afflicted you  
 As your dogs fatal end doth now.  
 Oh ! it did love you : wel it might,  
 So 'twould whoe'r made much of it.  
 But let me tel you by the way  
 (Not to offend you) I heard say,  
 Your dog so fed with sweetmeats was,  
 Cakebread, and Almondbutter, as  
 It's breath did shrewdly stink : but let  
 That pass ; t'had a worse qualitie yet,  
 T'would stil be barking with it self,  
 That I have joy'd to see the Elf  
 How finely it would turn, when down  
 It rowld it self upon the ground :  
 For then t'would quiet lie awhile.  
 But since tis now more quiet ; I'l  
 Not pitry it, but you, to grieve  
 'Cause your dog could not ever live.  
 Dogs have their daies, 'tis true : and though  
 A dog-star shines above, below

They

## Occasional Poems.

19

They die. Yet since you lov'd its sight  
 VVee'l pourtrayt e'r you bury it :  
 And for his Epitaph shal be  
 This underwrit in memorie ;

His Mistresse chiefest joy and grieve,  
 Lov'd too almost as her own life ;  
 Here lies the best of Dogs, and lest,  
 That *Album Græcum* made the best  
 To cure sore throats with ; for 'tis said  
 The Isle of Dogs such never had.  
 But dead doth now so worthless prove  
 His skin wil hardly make one glove  
 For a childs itchy hand : yet hee  
 Lives famous in Effigie.

---

*In Crumenâ Vacuum an non ?*

NAture as saies Philosophie  
 Admits no *vacuum* ; yet I  
 ( O the sad fate of *Codrns* curse! )  
 Find there's a *Vacuum* in my purse.  
 Or Nature errs sure, or the gold  
 VVhich my now empty purse did hold.  
 VVhen the last mite's exhausted, wou'll  
 You then perswade me yet 'tis ful ?  
 VVhen Taverns and the Mercers book  
 Have pickt my pocket, shall I look  
 Then for gold there ? I can't I tro  
 Both eat my cake and have it too ?  
 Yet to make good this Axiome,  
 Here's one in charitie throwes some  
 Small crums of comfort in : he tels  
 Mee its ful of air, but nothing els :  
 Alas ! I'm no Chamcelion,  
 Nor can I live by air alone.

## 20 Occasional Poems.

If all thy gold dissolved be  
 To liquid and *Potabile* ;  
 Wil not your strings stretch for one pint  
 Of Sack ? all gone ? is nothing in't ?  
 Oh thou my dear and quondam friend  
 That in my need didst money lend,  
 How do I grieve thy skeliton  
 Reduc'd thus soon to skin and bone !  
 Sure some wil think that see thy thin  
 And aierie Corps, that thou hast bin  
 Some Poets purse, thus made refine  
 By th'Alchimie of wit and wine :  
 And that thy Angel gold may bee .  
 Still there, though it we cannot see ;  
 It is so sublimated, and  
 So pure ; for since we understand  
 The Angels to be Spirits, then  
 Thou'rt become spiritual agen.  
 Well then Philosophie in truth,  
 I find thou speakst the naked truth ;  
 For though for coine it empty be  
 Yet there is no vacuitie.  
 Though no bright Angel do appear  
 In this dispised Hemisphear ;  
 Yet the Div'ls in't without all doubt  
 There's ne'r a crosse to keep him out. *De sunt nonnulla.*

---

### *To a Friend wishing peace.*

L Et's all be friends ! a happy peace  
 Would make us prize that 'bove our ease :  
 Then we wou'd home, and marrie too,  
 To keep that corner of the house  
 Yet left unsackt by civil foe,  
 And drink a round in dear carouse.

## Occasional Poems.

21

Oh what a happy thing it were,  
 To live secure, and free from fear  
 Of plunder ! when the dul hind may  
 With pig in hand his yearly rent  
 To his old Landlord justly pay  
 In stead of King or Parliament !

No hurrie then of dread Alar'ms ;  
 From sleep should fright us into Arms :  
 Gaols shou'd stand emptie then, and wee  
 Enlarged as the winds may breath  
 Each where, and as in Jubilee  
 Live free from fear of sudden death.

The Trumpet then shal onely blaze  
 In Christmas or at Puppet plaies ;  
 Or serve the Clowns to summon o're  
 To wait o'th' Judge, at grand Assize ;  
 And the drum onely beat before  
 A muzzled Bear, or harmless prize.

Then shal we see no arms, but such  
 As in the great Hall hang o'th' crutch  
 All rust with cobwebs, which to clear  
 The Grooms and Coachmen, (as you know  
 It was the custome ) once a year  
 Must at the County training show.

In the Kings highway then wee'l ride,  
 ( Not skulking lest we should be spi'd  
 In private lanes or by-waies cut  
 By hardy Pioneer ) a gentle pace,  
 In stead of marching to a hut  
 Or hedge, unto some warmer place.

O'th' week-daies then wee'l bowle and chat  
 Of our dear loves, and you know what,

But

## 22 Occasional Poems.

But not one syllable of State,  
 Amidst our pleasant mirth ; and then  
 ( If that Religion bear date )  
 Wee'l pray on Sundaies once agen.

If Oliv'd peace should once more smile  
 And say, be happy ! to this Isle ,  
 ( Dear friend ! ) as who knows but she may ? )  
 I dare presume that you and I  
 Shal kiss her feet, and wish her stay ;  
 And he that doth not, may he die !

---

### *Song in a siege.*

**F**ill, fill the goblet full with sack !  
 I mean our tall black-jerkin Jack,  
 Whose hide is prooffe 'gainst rabble-Rout,  
 And will keep all ill weathers out.  
 What though our plate be coin'd and spent ?  
 Our faces next we'l send to th' mint :  
 And 'fore wee'l basely yield the town,  
 Sack it our selves and drink it down.

Accurst be he doth talk or think  
 Of treating, or denies to drink,  
 Such drie hopsucking narrow souls  
 Taste not the freedome of our bowles.  
 They onely are besieg'd, whilst we  
 By drinking purchase libertie.  
 Wine doth enlarge, and ease our minds,  
 Who freely drinks no thraldome finds.

Let's drink then as we us'd to fight,  
 As long as we can stand, in spight  
 Of Foe or Fortune ! who can tel ?  
 Shce with our cups again may swell ;



## Occasional Poems.

23

Hee neither dares to die or fight,  
Whom harmlesse fears from healths affright :  
Then let us drink our sorrows down,  
And our selves up to keep the town.

---

*On the Creeple Souldiers marching in  
Oxford in the Lord Thr.Cot-  
tington's Companie.*

S Tay Gentlemen ! and you shal see a very rare fight ;  
Souldiers who though they want arms, yet wil fight :  
Nay some of them have never a leg but onely *will* :  
Their Governour, and yet they'l stand to it stil.  
The birds call'd *Apodes* they resemble, and seem  
To be without either wing or leg, like them.  
Oh the courage of a drunken and valiant man !  
For each wil be going when he cannot stand !  
Then room for Criples ! here comes a companie,  
Such as before I think you ne'r did see :  
Here s one like a Pidgion goes pinion'd in spight  
Of old *Priapus*, the birds to affright :  
Another limps as if he had got the Pharse,  
With his half leg-like a Goose close up to his arse,  
Yet mistake me not ! this is no Puppet play ;  
You shal onely see the several motions to day.  
*Ram: tan: tan:* with a Spanish march and gate (stare.  
Thus they follow their Leader according to his wonted  
A Snaile or a Crablouse would march in a day.  
If driven as led with the white staffe as far as they.  
What I should cal them I hardly do know,  
Foot they are not as appears by the show :  
By the wearing of their Musquets to which they are ty'd,  
They should be Dragooners had they horses to ride.  
And yet now I think on t, they cannot be such ;  
Because each man hath his rest for his crutch.

To

## 24 Occasional Poems.

To these their Officer need not to say at alar'ms,  
 Stand to your Colours, or handle your arms :  
 Yet that they are Souldiours, your safely may say,  
 For they'l die before they wil run away :  
 Nay, they are stout as ever were *Vantrumps*,  
 For like *Widarington* they'l fight upon their very stumps.  
 They have keen *Estridge* stomachs, and wel digest.  
 Both Iron and Lead, as a Dog wil a breast  
 Of Mutton. But now to their Pedigree ;  
 That they are sons of *Mars*, most writers agree ;  
 Some conceive from the Badger old *Vulcan* they came,  
 Because like him they are Mettle-men and lame, (and  
 The moderns think they came from the *Guyes* of *Warwick*,  
 Some think they are of the old *Herculean* band :  
 For as by his foot he was discover'd, so  
 By their feet you their valour may know.  
 And though many wear wooden legs and crutches,  
 Yet, by *Hercules*, I can assure you, such is  
 Their steeled resolution, that here  
 You'l find none that wil the woodden dagger wear.  
 They're true and trustie *Trojans* all believe me,  
 And stride their wooden Palfreis well : t'would grieve me  
 To see them tire before they get  
 Unto the Holy-bush ; but yet  
 If they should faint, at that end of the town,  
 They may set up their horses and lie down.  
 Most of these fighters, I would have you to know,  
 Were our brave *Edgehil Mermidons* awhile agoe.  
 Who were their limbs like their looser rags-  
 Ready to leave them at the next hedge, with brags,  
 That through the merit of their former harms,  
 They die like Gentlemen though they bear no arms.  
 Now some wil suspect that my Muse may be,  
 'Cause she is so lame, of this Companie :  
 And the rather, because one verse sometimes,  
 Is much shorter then his fellows to hold up the rithmes ;  
 I confess before Criples to halt is not good :  
 Yet for excuse shee pleads, she understood

That

## Occasional Poems.

25

That things by their families are best displaid,  
And for that cause her feet are now Iambick made.

---

*Refrigerium.*

**N**OW through each vein my blood doth run  
Hot as the Summers scorching Sun,  
Whilst on what side so e'r I turn,  
With double frying flames I burn.  
To cool both *Aetna's* first I'll have  
An Arbour coole as is the grave,  
And with green shadie branches wove  
As covert as *Dodona's* grove.  
So that the Sun may not appear  
At all in this close Hemisphere.  
With Curran-bushes I'll hav't made  
Vail'd o'r with Sycamores coole shade,  
And mixt with Rasps and Cherrytrees,  
Whose choice fruit may my pallat please.

I'th' midst of which next shal be spread  
Upon a large and spacious stead,  
A frost-upon-green tabbie Quilt  
Water'd. as if 't had there bin spilt,  
Strew'd o'r with Roses where I may  
Naked my lazie limbs display ;  
And underneath't a Christal stream  
Of fresh Rose-water still'd from them  
Through th'limbeck of my body, that  
My smelling Sense may recreate.  
A marble Fountain next I'll have  
Close by in a large hollow cave  
Springing with *Nilus* seav'nfold streams,  
Til they all meet in one fair Thames :  
Washing in whose pure waters we  
*Diana* and her *Nymphs* may see :

With

## 26 Occasional Poems.

With other lively Pictures, that  
My *Seeing sense* may recreate.

Next I wil have *Arion* play  
Upon a *Dolphins* back, whose lay  
Shal teach each bird to chirp and trie  
How to excel his harmonie.

*Orpheus* his harp, *Apollo's* lyre  
Shal with the *Syrens* fill the Quire.

With other sorts of Musick, that  
My hearing Sense may recreate.

A *Mirmaid* next I'l have in stead  
Oth' Barber for to kemb my head :  
All the four Winds too shal conspire  
With gentle breize to coole my fire  
Till I being fann'd with Ladies love,  
Then their cold Sex shall colder prove.  
Last, because nought cools better then  
A Maid who warms and cooles agen.

I'l have a young plump amorous Queen,  
Ripe though she be not yet fifteen.  
'Twixt whose close arms and snowie breast  
I may diffuse my heat, and rest :  
Then bath my self in kisses, that  
My *Feeling Sense* may recreate.

Thus when at once I all my Senses please,  
Me thinks I feel my self in Paradise.

---

# ELEGIES.

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*By Robert Heath, Esquire.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for HUMPHRY MOSELEY,  
and are to be sold at his Shop at the  
signe of the Princes Arms in S. Pauls  
Church-yard, 1650.





## Elegies.

---

### *On the Death of the young and pious Ladie M<sup>rs</sup> C.P.*

**S**O yong and ripe in judgement ? fit for heaven  
 A Saint shee was on earth, before eleven.  
 What Virtue was there lodg'd in this smal world,  
 Whose soul grew faster then the body could ?  
 Sins shee had none, but what curst Nature gave,  
 Yet e'r she knew't, shee long'd this world to leave,  
 Where but new enter'd, she with pious rage  
 Her Prologue spoke, doth bravely quit the stage.  
 Oh happy growth, that in so short a time,  
 This early blossome thus to heav'n could climb !

---

### *Epicedium*

### *On the beautiful Lady M<sup>rs</sup> A.K. unfortu- nately drowned by chance in the Thames in passing the Bridge.*

**D**rown'd ? and i'th' Thames ? oh how I grieve to see  
 Such fair streams a't so foul a Tragedie !  
 Not all thy main which twice a day doth flow,  
 Can wash this guilt from off thy conscious brow.

Like

*Elegies.*

Like the dead sea thou look'st ; whilst every wave  
 Thou wear'st, now seems to be another grave.  
 Forgetful *Lethe*, or the Stygian Lake,  
 As thou foul *Tyber*, looks not halfe so black.  
 How horrid thou appear'st ! and thou dost tast  
 Sowre, and not half so pleasant as thou wast ;  
*Rome* now wil fear to drink thee, since thou'rt dyde  
 With such chaste guiltlesse blood, and none wil ride  
 More on thy ruder waves, thy crueltie  
 Since 't would not spare so fair a Saint as shee.  
 How I could flow with anger ! chide thee too,  
 But thou art innocent, as pure, I know :  
 'Las 'twas her Fate, unhappy Destinie !  
 Thus to thy streams, to adde more puritie.  
 Thou'rt become white agen ; an Element  
 Fit to receive a soul so innocent ;  
 Whose body buried in thy Chrystal tomb  
 Transparent lies, scorning earths baser womb.  
 Gilt *Tagus* banks, nor the *Pestolian*  
 Can boast such Golden treasures as you can.  
 Thou didst but lend her to the Earth awhile,  
 Thou hast thy Pearl again, now *Thamiz* smile.  
 'Tis fit such gems should by the makers hands  
 Shine thus transplanted to their native sands.

---

*On the Death of the excellent fair  
 Lady, the Lady A.R.*

How blindly erring were those Painters, that  
 Did without eies grim Death delineate ?  
 Did he not ayming shoot, and shooting hit  
 'Midst the Arcadian Nymphs this fairest white,  
 This whitest *Venus* Dove ? without his sight  
 How had he found this mark, or shot so right ?

Thus



## Elegies.

3

Thus as he aiming stood, and in his heart  
 Relenting doubted, whether his fel dart  
 He should or spare or send, so long he gaz'd  
 Upon her Beauties splendour all amaz'd,  
 That the bright raies she darted, did so shine  
 And dazle the beholding Archers eyne,  
 That whilst he trembling shot and made her light  
 Extinct, the beams of that put out his sight.  
 And so e'r since Death hath been blind indeed;  
 On her fair Tomb this Epitaph shal be read :  
*Beautie here on Death reveng'd, Triumphant lies,*  
*whose Glories won all hearts, put out all eies.*

---

*On the losse of Mr N.W. his three fingers cut off at the battel of Edgehil, he being both a Poet and a Musitian.*

BY some it hath been said,  
 That the best Musick is by discord made ;  
 But here, ( I grieve to see )  
 By discords we have lost our harmonic.  
 How cruel was that hand  
 Depriv'd thee of thy cunning fingers ? and  
 At one unhappy blow  
 Cut off an *Orpheus*, and a Poet too ?  
 How sadly the strings rest  
 E'r since those fingers which before exprest  
 On them such lively art,  
 Were thus dissected from their constant part ?  
 Yet though these joynts be gone  
 To quiet ease, two fingers stil are on,  
 Which with dexteritie  
 Can write the Epitaph o'th' t'other three.

E

And

4

## Elegies.

And though you cannot play ;  
Yet still both sing, and versifie you may.

---

## Nænia

*Upon the death of my dear friend T.S.  
Esquire, slain at the first fight at  
Newbery, 1645.*

**P**Ale Ghost ! I weep, not 'cause thy precious blood  
Honour'd when spilt, a cause so just, so good ;  
Nor grieve I 'cause so much that suffer'd too,  
I th' losse of such a Champion as you :  
This makes my heart afresh with thy wounds bleed,  
A Loyal Subject, and my friend, is dead.  
One, whose unborrow'd native Wit proclaim'd  
Him sole *Apollo's* heire ; whose *Vertues* fam'd  
Him with *Pandora's* gifts endow'd ; whose parts  
Did stile him Master of all noble Arts.  
One whose Youths sprightful valour did encline  
To acts Heroick without help of wine,  
One who prefer'd the cause he had in hand  
Above his life, before his fathers land :  
One that was forward, yet not desp'rate bold,  
A coward in ill acts, yet durst behold  
Death in his ugliest vizar. This was Hee  
Who lov'd his friend, and feard no Enemy.  
Who nobly thus did seek an early grave,  
Because he scorn'd to live a subjects slave.  
Wide was the Orifice sure of thy large wound,  
Els had thy great and gallant soul ne'r found  
So easie passage thence to fallie out,  
And leave her so lov'd seat to range about

Th'Elelian

## Elegies.

5

Th'Eleſian groves. My ſouls beſt part adieu,  
 I'll bathe thy wound in tears, though wounded too.  
 Drie eies forbear this urn ! oh come not neer  
 To read this Epitaph without a tear.

*Spirit of Wit and Valour here doth lie  
 Doubly entomb'd i'th' Readers heart and eie.*

*Upon the lingring death of the Virtuous  
 Mrs L.H.*

DEath ! I not blame thy ſubtiltie  
 In cutting off this Happy Shee :  
 Ne'r didſt thou yet in thy black liſt enroul  
 So fair a ſoul.

Thy Envie ſnatcht her hence, leſt wee  
 By her example taught, ſhould be  
 Immortaliz'd by virtue, and live ſtil  
 Againſt thy wil.

For hadſt thou ſpar'd her yet awhile,  
 And not prevented by this wile  
 Our grand deſign, thou'adſt loſt thy ſting, and wee  
 Not feared thee.

Coward thou didſt by ſlow degrees  
 Upon her Vital ſpirits ceaze,  
 Els had ſhee ſummon'd pow'r, enough to ſtand  
 Thy armed hand.

Subtile and envious Coward, thus  
 Thou'aſt ſpoiled Nature, robbed us :  
 Yet I not blame thee, thou'adſt no other way,  
 To get thy prey.

6

## Elegies.

*Upon the Death of the truly valiant  
Sir Bevil Grenvil slain.*

SEE where in Western clouds our Sun is set !  
 Whilst those thick groves of Pikes of him beset  
 To guard his Valour, trembled all and shoke  
 With Aspen fear, soon as this stately Oke  
 Was cleft with fatal thunder ! every head  
 Droops like pearl'd Violets now *Grenvil's* dead.  
 Wee need no Gods of *Egypt* to exhale  
 Salt rivers from our eies, and force us waile  
 His sorrowed absence ; no sowre peelee, or Rue  
 To damp our looks to Pharisaick hue.  
 From *Grenvil's* Herse each cheek is watered,  
 And scorns to wear a smile now he is dead.  
 Did I not view Heav'ns great unarmed bow,  
 I might suspect *Deucalion* would o'r-flow  
 The drenched world again, and in his name  
 Erect a new eternal Ark of Fame.  
 What sudden inundation else could thus  
 As in a second deluge bury us  
 Alive ? and waft us by a quick return  
 To shades ? what fire but that of his bright urne  
 Could melt each Muse to liquified verse,  
 And thus dissolve in Elegiack tears ?  
 What Ocean but his Virtues could have drunk  
 So many flouds from weeping eies, or sunk,  
 So many drowning hearts ? at whose sad fall  
 A deep groan'd *Diapason* drowneth all,  
 And blends at once our Harmonic ———  
 Oh I could curse that Planet that did reign  
 At thy first birth, and e'r since smiling shine  
 Til this unluckie hour it frown'd on thee,  
 Prompting our Stars to bode us miserie.  
 For if our hopeful cause should gasping lie,  
 I'de swear it languisht, since she saw thee die.

Upon

## Elegies.

7

*Upon the unfortunate death of the truly  
gallant and noble Gent. Ed. Sack-  
vil, Esquire.*

**T**Hy pow'r pale envious death I now defie,  
 Thy rage is spent in this one Tragedie.  
 Thou'ast purloin'd our chief wealth, and in one hour  
 Rob'd Honours Garland of its choicest flow'r.  
 Now do thy worst ! thy life-depriving dart,  
 Can no more Conquest bring, nor deeper smart.  
 Oft his tri'd Valour in the open field  
 Dar'd thee, where since thou couldst not make him yield,  
 Now by a weak and clandestine surprize  
 Thou smit'st him unawares by cowardize.  
 Yet went he arm'd against that fatal blow,  
 Which sin did print upon his flesh, not you.  
 Then be not proud of this thy spoil, since he  
 Did wish to, more then you could make him, die.  
 For now he lives fam'd to posteritie,  
 Both for his Virtues and his Loyaltie.  
 The gallant spirit of whose youthful heat  
 Doth with his urnes clear oyle perpetuate.  
 VVe weep not then, because he dy'd ; but thus ;  
 The strange chance, doth strange wonder claim in us.  
 Hee that but newly chang'd his mortal life  
 In sacred wedlock, with a happy VVife,  
 Is forc'd by th'ignorant malice of worse men  
 To change it for a happ'er once agen :  
 Hee whose rich Virtues gain'd each man his friend  
 That knew them both, to his untimely end  
 Thus brought by foes ( if any he could have )  
 Hath with his precious corps enricht the grave.  
 Hee, Hee, is gone : and nought but sorrow left  
 To mind us of the good we are bereft.

## 8

## Elegies.

For 'tis not onely Hee ; we all are dead  
 As when the Sun sets flow'rs seem withered :  
 Nor doth his Fam'ly onely lose a stem,  
 The Kingdome suffers in the losse of him.  
 More I should say ; but sullen grieve denies,  
 I'l fight, and vent the rest with weeping eies.

---

*Elegie*

*Upon the death of that thrice valiant  
 Lord, the Lord Bernard Stewart, slain  
 in the fight neer VVest-Chester.*

**B**Oast not proud death of this thy Victorie !  
 In killing him who thus resolv'd to die !  
 Hadst thou a life to lose, I would on thee  
 Revenge his too too early Destinie.  
 But Coward ! thou nor spirit hast nor heat ;  
 Els thou wouldst neer ha' smit so brave, so great  
 A Person, that on thy dread Tragick stage  
 Fought on thy side, and in that bloodie rage  
 To thy black shades so many breathlesse sent.  
 Perhaps thou feardst his highborn furie meant  
 With fierce assault thy conqu'ring selfe disarm,  
 Sans fear of death he fought so ; at which alar'm,  
 Lest he thy territories should invade,  
 And so usurp thy pow'r, thou wast afraid,  
 So 'caus thy jealous fear would admit none,  
 A Rival in thy Empire, thou so soon  
 Didst cut him off. Happy unhappy he  
 Right noble born, and dying ; here doth lie,  
 Whose single Death-despising Valour made  
 His greatest enemy, *Death* it selfe afraid.

## Elegies.

9

*On the Death of that most famous Musi-  
cian M<sup>r</sup> VV. Lawes, slain in this un-  
happy Civil Warr.*

Such is the strange Antipathie between  
The Wolfe and sheep ; that a Drum with Wolves skin  
Headed and beat, the parchments bottome breaks,  
And soundless to the stick no answer makes :  
So the Wolfe's by, the \* Lambstrings break ; so \* dumb  
Is th'other, when you sound a Wolves-skin'd Drum.

By Wolves our *Orpheus* thus oppos'd was slain ;  
His Lyres offended strings thus crackt in twain,  
At their harsh foes approach, and rang his knell.  
Such untun'd souls, who discord lov'd too well,  
Knew not the Heav'n of Musicks harmonie  
( And who not love't dull or il-natur'd be )  
But more enraged grew. Else like those  
Wild beasts *Amphion* tam'd, they wou'd ha' rose  
Inspir'd with love, and kist those hands, whose aires  
Ravish'd the birds, and taught the heav'nly Spheres  
To move in pleasing consort. But e'r sin'  
Our *Lawes* expir'd, this Common-wealth hath bin  
Quite out of tune. Could his surviving laies  
Yet 'swage our *Genius* ( as *Pythagoras*

\* *Sic Alciatus putavit in illo eleganti Emblemate. Cœte-  
ra murescent coriumq; filebit ovillum Si confecta lupi  
tympana pelle sonent, &c. Tanta quippe est antipathia, ut ne  
morte quidem finiatur ; sed vel tum quoq; Lupus Ovi formi-  
dolosus existat. \* Ideoq; Lupinas fides si jungas agnitis,  
illas dissilere scribit Martinus del Rio. lib. 1. Disqui Ma-  
gic. c. 4.*

# 10 Elegies.

VWith his soft accents, and sweet strains subdu'd  
 And well pleas'd a mad-brain'd multitude )  
 I'de swear they were Divine, whose pow'rful breath  
 Could Eccho his rare concords after death,  
 And in Loves Symphonie unite each part.  
 This had been done by *Larves* hid hand and Art,  
 ( Had he but liv'd ; ) e'r now. *Melpomene*,  
 Mourn then ! for earth hath lost her harmonie.

---

## EPIGRAMS.

---



# EPIGRAMS

The first Book.

---

By Robert Heath, *Esquire.*

---

*Quam nihil, hoc aliud, vel malé, præstat agam.*

---

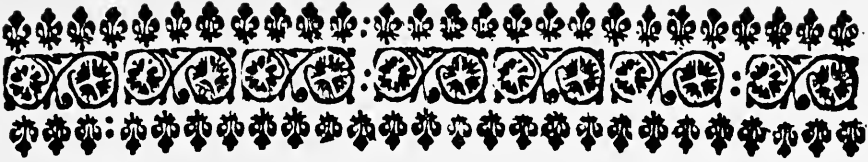


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LONDON,

Printed for HUMPHRY MOSELEY,  
and are to be sold at his Shop at the  
signe of the Princes Arms in S. Pauls  
Church-yard, 1650.





## To the Reader.

---

Gentle Reader,



*suspect your selfe, and not me, I am no wilde Sa-  
tyr, no Rhinoceros, cui nasus suspendet ad-  
uncus : if you make not your selfe the greater  
monster, and by a guilty application think your  
selfe pointed at. Though the title Epigram  
seems to carrie a sting in the tayle : yet the harmless Bee wil not  
wound, unless you first provoke it. Indeed an Epigram should  
be aculeatum in caudâ, where the whole force of the argu-  
ment  $\pi\alpha\epsilon\gamma\iota\ \pi\rho\sigma\delta\omicron\chi\iota\alpha\nu$  should be syllogistically summed up in  
the conclusion. This Lesbian rule, I have endeavoured to keep,  
where perhaps I conclude sometimes with gall enough, but no  
spleen. I not personate thee, but thy follies (if thou hast any.)  
Such general censures are not scandalous, but useful, and  
therefore pardonable. If thou seest then thy imperfections in  
any of these Idæas as in a mirrour represented to thee, blame  
Nature and thy self, and not the glass that shewes them. All  
that I shall say to excuse these illepidas ineptias, in that they  
are not all alike salted, is what the best of Epigramatists said  
of his own long since.*

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sed mala plura :  
Quæ legis hic aliter non fit Avite, liber.*

*Some good there are, some mean, though most be bad,  
Ne'r book was otherwise ( Good Reader ? ) made.*





## Epigrams. *Lib. I.*

---

### *To the Reader of my Epigrams and Satyrs.*

**R** *Eader!* that we may stil be friends be wise!  
 And read no more of me, I thee advise!  
 Somewhere thou'lt find thy selfe abus d, and hate  
 My naked truths, and so repent too late;  
 Some sawcie line, if they, not give offence,  
 The duller yet, wil vex thy patience.  
 Why wrot I then, me thinks I hear it sed,  
 If I not meant the Satyrs should be read?  
 Read on then at your peril! but see you  
 Read as I writ, having nought els to do.

---

### *To a lascivious Blackamoore Woman.*

'**T** *Is Night in thine, in my face day: but yet  
 Should wee joyn; wee might mongrel twilight get;  
 A Tawny-moore that would of both partake:  
 Haunt me not Shade! I'l no new monster make.*

*To*

## Epigrams.

*To Cosmus.*

WOULDST know who 'tis that makes his knife his plough?  
 Reaps with encrease, and yet doth never sow?  
 That hath no Granarie to *inn* an eare,  
 And yet 'tis harvest with him all the year?  
 That without fear of Statute, doth ingrosse  
 All th'corn hee can, and lives by others losse?  
 Nor buyes nor sels, nor eats it? then know ( Sir? )  
 'Tis *Gemurcide*, your humble Corn-cutter.

---

*On Lieutenant Catch.*

Catch brags much of his learning; and how wel  
 In letters verst, he many doth excel:  
 Thou wert indeed a cunning letter'd knave,  
 Thy learning from the gallowes thee did save:  
 No *Samian* e'r so letter'd was, as you,  
 Twice thou wast burnt i'th' hand, and once i'th' brow.

---

*To one that after ten years studie, brought  
 forth a lamentable work.*

TEN years you say 'tis, since you 'gan to write:  
 So long in bringing forth so little wit?  
 So after ten years siege the Gracians won  
 But a dry ravisht *Helen*, and burnt town:  
 So Elephants bring forth, having ten years gone,  
 A foetuous monster, such as you have done.

*On rich Lock.*

**R**Ich Lock's maids stay not long with him, yet they  
Laden all, though not Maiden, go away :  
Some to his tenants eldest sons are wed,  
Some to his menial servants married ;  
With th' first he gives some monie, and to these  
A Rent-free farme or Copyhold he gi'es.  
Well their short service thou rewardest Lock :  
Young Tenants can't begin without a stock.  
Sure a more gracious Landlord ne'r was known  
Lock's now more like a father to his town.

---

*To the Printer.*

**I** Prithee spoil-sheet ! through resolv'd mistake  
Don't in my book more new Errata's make !  
And force, ith' latter sheet thy Reader so  
With thy faults and smal sense more pennance do !  
Hee'l not forgive thee, since he knows ful wel  
You made them now, that it might better sel.

---

*On Galla her going to a Nunnerie.*

**E**'R her Probation year was finished,  
She not approv'd that life ; *Improve* she did:  
The first year *Galla* only said she meant  
To prove ; She prov'd indeed, with child, and went.

## Epigrams.

## On Marcus.

**H**omers *Stentorian* that had the voice  
 Of fifty men, made not so great a noise  
 As *Marcus*, when he pleads ; no Judge can sleep  
 Or Officer, he doth such bawling keep.  
 Who but loud *Marcus* the Court practice hath ?  
 His clients cause he carries with a breath.

---

## To Sullen.

**S**ullen, when it is vext 'twil angry fit,  
 'Twil neither eat nor drink, but pout and fret :  
 Fast ! you do wel , in *Gallen* I have read  
 Such scurvie humours should be sterv'd, not fed.

---

## On Cleombrotus.

**S**oon as *Cleombrotus* th' *Ambraciot* read  
 Grave *Plato's Phædo* that discours'd how dead  
 This life is ; after which the soul should be  
 Cloath'd with a robe of Immortalitie.  
 Mistaking *him* ; himself did fondly drown,  
 And cryd thus chang'd my *crook* is for a *Crown*.  
 Alas ! poor blind deceived Mortal ! he  
 Made too much hast to Immortalitie :  
 Who'd take by force what may be giv'n him ? since  
 Heav'n ne'r was purchas'd by *such* violence ?



## Epigrams.

5

*To a Travellour.*

**Y**OU talk of *Silarns* that turns wood to stone ;  
 Of a Fount flows with wax, and then of one  
 That streams with pitch ; and of the *Andrian* Spring  
 That store of wine and oyl doth daily bring ;  
 All *this* I'l first beleive, then travaile I,  
 To see how wide you and your fountains *lie*.

---

*On the Ladie Seem-pol.*

**D**Rest like her self, her feat discourse is drawn  
 Latinify'd in fine spun Cobweb lawn ;  
 Each flatuous word swels with verborie,  
 And speaks how skild she is in Sophistrie :  
 How wise your *babes* would be, if *they*, so young,  
 Should learne from you to speak their mother tongue ?  
 Nay she learn'd *Aristotle* ; dares confute  
 Or, with *Bengeli*, of the Stars dispute ?  
 Far above *humane*, much *more*, womans reach  
 Or laugh at him that did oth' Sunday preach :  
 Thus at her tongue most rarely good is she :  
 She's at her tail as good, or fame doth lie.

---

*On Sir Gervas Loftie.*

**W**Hat what a Spanish gate this portly tale  
 And glorious Ship doth through the Ocean sail  
 Of its vast boundless pride ? at which the smal  
 And weaker pinnace must or break or vail ?

He

## 6

## Epigrams.

He wil know no man ; this the cause may be,  
 He hardly knows himself, for every day  
 He or his garment's not the same, whilst he  
 Turns shapes like *Proteus*, looking big and gay.  
 Poor ship although your sails so wide you bear,  
 I know ther's twenty have in thee a share.

---

*To the Reader.*

DOST wonder Reader why my Satyr-Muse  
 Hath got no lines ith' front as others use  
 To set her forth, and so conceive her poore  
 'Cause friendless as not worth the reading o'r ?  
 Why I bespoke not other men to write  
*Encomium's* there, whose empty praises might  
 Make the enlarged Preface swel and look  
 Like *Mindus* porch, as big as all the book ?  
 She scornd to beg applause, or trouble friends,  
 Except those she gets : *Good wine* it *self* commends.  
 Why shud a stranger at her feast say grace ?  
 She bids you welcome, fall to, if you please !

---

*Epitaph on a Poor Alchymist.*

THE ashes of a Golden Afs,  
 Not worth a monument of bras,  
 Or Chymist subtle as his gold,  
 Reader ! this earthen urn doth hold ;  
 Who, his gold vanisht all to air  
 And dear-bought cinders, through despair  
 And Deaths more certain Chimestric,  
 The Quintessence of Fool did die,

Thus

## Epigrams.

7

Thus sublimated and calcin'd  
To nothing, but poor dust refin'd.

---

*Why men are so unlike.*

WHY one man is not like another', *this* ;  
No one is like himself, and so it is.

---

*To Madam Moyle on her Picture.*

MADAM ! their judgments I commend who said,  
Your Pictur's like your self, for it is made  
Of fading colours which wil wear away,  
To be gaz'd on a while, and then decay ;  
An empty shadow with a rouling sight,  
Looks wantonly on all that look on it ;  
A wel drest statue, yes ; and painted too ;  
'Tis very like you, *Madam* ! so are you.

---

*Epitaph on a very fat man.*

UNDER this pebble stone,  
Here fast sleepeth one,  
And that is not two ;  
Yet was without doubt  
Far bigger about,  
Then both I, and you.  
His kidneys encreast  
So much, that his waist

Was

8

## Epigrams.

Was hooped all round :  
 So his girdle Death cuts,  
 And down fel his gurs,  
 'Bouts heels to the ground.

---

*To Clois.*

I Know you rich ; you are an heir,  
 You'r courteous, liberal, and fair,  
 You'r wise too, as most women are,  
 Jolly, and friendly, debonair :  
 I like this freedom ; but they say  
 You are to free another way.  
*Clois* farewell ! your gold's too light,  
 And so I may too dearly buy't.

---

*On the English Mounſieur.*

AN English Mounſieur lately came from *France*,  
 Where he had learnt to make a leg, to dance,  
 To kiſs his little finger, ride the Barbe,  
 And wear his cloaths in the authentick garbe.  
 Seeing him thus ith' *mode*, I did demand  
 In French, how long 'twas ſince he came to land ?  
 He answer'd not, but ſaid he had been long  
 In *France*, but never car'd to learne the tongue.  
 How many are there whom we thus miſtake,  
 That travel only thus for faſhion ſake ?

*On*

121  
Epigrams.

9

*On Philautus.*

*Philautus* thinks each woman that doth view  
His proper person, streight must love him too :  
Alas Town cladder thou'rt mistane I see,  
Thou lov'st thy self, and them, they laugh at thee.

---

*On Nab and Plodwel.*

*Nab* gone to Sea two years or more, and dead  
Reported since, his wife did *Plodwel* wed :  
Return'd *Nab* found his wife with child, and though  
Her he must keep, the child he would not too.  
*Plodwel* ejected of's new home and wife,  
Laid the case thus : Tenant for years or life  
When that his time expires, what e'r he leaves  
Unto the Freehold fastned, the Law gives  
All to the Landlord ; and who ploughs, and sows  
Anothers ground at his own peril do's  
The same, and looses all the crop : since I  
Have trespass'd, reap the same ! he made reply,  
The barn and ground's your own ; good land should not  
Lie fallow. *Nab* thus gain'd what *Plodwel* got.

---

*To Lupa.*

Thy daughter-Whore, begets a Bawd her mother,  
As Ice and water each engender other :  
Though thy age freize with her salt mixt like snow  
Before her lustfull fires, it thaweth too

By

10

## Epigrams.

By the same heat inflam'd : when she grows ice  
So you can warme her bloud with Bawdes advice.

---

*On Priske and Galla.*

SOME think *Priske's* great with *Galla* ; but say I,  
She is grown great with him, or fame doth lie.

---

*To a fat Usurer.*

FAT folks we say by nature are most free :  
You and your purse are fat, and yet I see  
Your hand and that stil shut, the reasons this ;  
In costive flesh thy *lean* soul buried is.

---

*On Wylde.*

HIS father sick and dying, *Wylde* mourn'd sore,  
But 'twas because he died not before:  
At's burial he in mourning weeds was clad,  
This was cause th' Mother was not also dead :  
She dead, sad soul ! he cloath'd himself in Sack  
(Cloath I not mean) for th' belly, not the back.  
Oh Viperous age ! when children shal so soon  
Through envy wish their parents dead and gone !

*On*

## Epigrams.

II

*On Smart.*

A Puritan once ; *Smart*, since conform'd did bow,  
 Wore a Canonick cassock to his shooe :  
 Turn'd with the tide he rails 'gainst Bishops now ;  
 This for a quiet living *Smart* can do :  
 Instead of Cassock now a cloack he wears,  
 A broad hat with short hair and longer ears.  
 As th' Sun moves he sets his Horoscope:  
*Smart's* both a turn coat now, and Heliotrope.

---

*On Brisk.*

B*Brisk* brag'd of's ready wit ; I tempting him  
 But for one distick, did propound this theam,  
*Nothing* : It cannot be, he wondring said  
 That out of *Nothing* ought shu'd e'r be made.  
 Dul *Brisk* thou ne'r couldst tune *Apollo's* lyre :  
 A puresteeld wit, wil strike *Mercurial* fire  
 Out of the flintiest subject : but thy head  
 Is all compos'd of softer mettle, *lead*.

---

*On Mopsa a Chambermaide.*

M*opsa* advanc'd from th' dairie to her Dame,  
 With her black bag *conceal'd* from whence she came ;  
*Mopsa* o'r her bodie had a tan'd goose skin,  
 Yet her cloaths hid it, so that was not seen ;  
*Mopsa* her face was chinkt and uglie too,  
 Yet that she salv'd with Arts adulterate hue :

*Mopsa's*

## Epigrams.

*Mopsa's* pretended simpring modestie  
 Hid her foul thoughts : Stil good she seem'd to be :  
*Mopsa's* womb swell'd, that fault was also hid  
 By th' Chaplains cassock whom she married :  
 But *Mopsa's* child did like her Master grow :  
 Alas ! poor *Mopsa* was discover'd now.

---

*To fat Apicius.*

**A** *Picius* leave ! scratch thy bald pate no more !  
 Hark how thy Muse supine doth sleeping snore  
 In thy diseas'd and bedred soul ! She lies  
 Slumbring resolv'd neither to wake or rise.  
 Not all thy sprightly Sack or far fetcht chear  
 Can help as midwives to deliver her.  
 The fumes from thy ful paunch ascending fil  
 Thy head with vapours, whose dul mists do kil  
 And suffocate thy vitals, hurt thy brain,  
 Where all thy genitive faculties are lane.  
 The Muses live in hungry air, feed clean,  
 So must you ; els your wit wil ne'r be keen.  
 As 'tis in Nature so in Poesie,  
 Seldom or nev'r fat bodies pregnant be.

---

*On a deaf man and his blind wife.*

**T** He husband's deaf, the wife cann't see a wink  
 She's ears to him' and now he's eies to her :  
 Which hath the happier time on't do you think ?  
 He ; since her parlous tongue he cannot hear,  
 Her noise 'tis thought deafst him ; howe'r it be,  
 Happy is that loss that made them thus agree.



## Epigrams.

13

## On Lena.

**L***ena* a virgin was so pure,  
 So holy, sober, chaste, demure,  
 So all o'r mild, as in good sooth  
 Butter would hardly melt in mouth.  
 But *Lena* married grew a scold  
 Outragious, impudent, and bold ;  
 And when her lustful fires went out,  
 A *Bawd*, she threw the sparks about.  
 Her early goodness did presage  
 She would degenerate with age.  
 The double blossom'd Apple-tree  
 Never bears any fruit we see :  
 And a forward promising Spring,  
 Doth but a sterile Autumn bring.  
 The Proverb thus she verifies,  
 A young Saint an old Divil is.

---

*Why Justice is painted blind.*

**W**Ho painted Justice blind did not declare  
 What Magistrates should be, but what they are ;  
 Not so much 'cause they rich and poor shud weigh  
 In their just scales alike ; but because they  
 Now blind with bribes are grown so weak of sight,  
 They'l sooner *feel* a cause then *see* it right.

of

## Epigrams.

*Of Love-Sonnets.*

WHy love so often theams each writers pen  
 Is this: 'tis spreading Love o'comes all men:  
 Which sicknes though most would hide fro their friends,  
 Like Agues, yet 'twil work at th' fingers ends.

---

*To Sir Gregorie Nonsense.*

WHen you to little purpose much do talk  
 Repeating stil the same thing, and I baulk  
 Your weaker argument to avoid delay;  
 Angry you'd have me *hear you out, you say,*  
 I have heard thee out too long, where you ha' bin  
 Wide from the purpose, now lets hear thee in.

---

*To Spend-fast a Gamster.*

THE famous *Lers* of *Belestat* that flows  
 And for four months doth ebb each hower, shows  
 What tides thy wavering fortune bears, whilst you  
 By play wax rich, and wain as often too.  
 But *Spend-fast* this hath a full Sea to feed  
 It's thirstie current when it stands in need:  
 You han't an Ocean of wealth I think,  
 When all your bags grow drie to make them drink.

*To*

## Epigrams.

15

*To the Ingenious Reader.*

**R** *Eader* be wise ! and don't abuse the Poet !  
 Say not his wit is old, stole ; or, I know it !  
 If nought worth praise you here shal find or see,  
 Be silent then. Hee'l do as much for thee.

---

*On Sullen.*

**Sullen** wil eat no meat but peevishly  
 Replies I care not nor I will not, I :  
 Troth I commend his abstinence, 'tis great,  
 When having such a stomach hee'l not eat.

---

*To Pistor.*

**W**hen *Pistor's* bread is found too light, 'tis sent  
 To the poor Prisoners for his punishment :  
 I not approve't, 'tis Charity mistanc,  
*Pistor* youar' stil an errant Knave in graine.

---

*On a fruitful Merchants wife.*

**A** Merchant newly married went to Sea ;  
 Returning after three years voyage, he  
 Found his wife busied midst her children two,  
 And with a third as big as she could goe.

F

She

## 16 Epigrams.

She to prevent a storme said husband! you  
By Sea, and I by land have *travail'd* too.

---

*To a painted Whore.*

**A**S rotten worms do breed in gilded books,  
So thrives thy carkas under painted looks :  
Who reads thy sou! shal find that too within  
In every line and letter black with sin.

---

*To Brisk.*

**B**Risk when thour't drunk, then in thy own conceit,  
Thour't Valiant, Wife, Great, Honest, Rich, Discreet.  
Infus'd at once so many qualities ?  
Oh Virtuous sack from whence all these arise !  
Troth ! *Brisk* be alwaies drunk ! for wel I know  
When you are sober you are nothing so.

---

*To Jeffry the Kings dwarfe.*

**S**Mal Sir ! me thinks in your lesse self I see  
Exprest the lesser worlds Epitomie.  
You may write man, ith' *abstract* so you are,  
Though printed in a smaller Character.  
The pocket volume hath as much within't  
As the broad Folio in a larger print,  
And is more useful too. Though low you seem  
Yet you'ar both great and high in mens esteem.

## Epigrams.

17

Your soul's as large as others, so's your mind :  
To greatness Virtue's not like strength confin'd.

---

*To Overwise.*

BEfore a *feast* is crackt he laughs and swears  
Good before—— oh apprehensive ears !  
That do like lightning thus prevent the stroke  
And conceive thunder e'r the cloud is broke.

---

*On Mounſieur Finedrefs.*

SR. do but marke yon crisped Sir you meet !  
How like a Pageant he doth stalk the street ?  
See how his perfum'd head is *powderd* o'r !  
Twu'd stink else, for it wanted *salt* before.

---

*On Philautus.*

PHilautus with himself is much in love,  
Doth his own actions ever best approve ;  
May his own picture he doth look upon,  
(Cause 'tis like him,) with admiration ;  
How wel may he be said and truly too  
To court a shadow ? he himself is so.

## Epigrams.

*To Gripe.*

Gripe to me all when he is dead wil give,  
 Wil part with nothing whilst he is alive :  
 What thanks is that to gape for dead mens shoos ?  
 To give them only when you cannot chuse ?  
 Give now ; 'tis left then 'gainst your wil I know :  
 It is twice giv'n, what *living* we bestow.  
 He leavs a good name who givs whilst he livs,  
 And only carries with him what he givs.

---

*On Lurch the match=contriver.*

Lurch th' old match-maker with his hunting nose  
 All the young Heirs both Male and Female knows.  
 In town or Country, widows too, or men  
 Once married, he can help to wed agen :  
 Saves them the labour too of wooing, whilst  
 He bids the bans, and sends them to the Priest  
 For further copulation : thus doth *Lurch*  
 Prey on each party that he brings to Church.  
 But oh how oft this marriage-Pimp is curst !  
 'Fore I'd grow rich *thus*, I'd be hanged first.

---

*To the Reader.*

Reader ! my Muse thinks not, as beggars do,  
 Boldly with importunitie to wooc  
 A farthing worth of praise, no : her desire  
 Is only, *passing*, that you'd look on her.

## Epigrams.

19

She proudly says on alms she scorns to live :  
And as good as you bring she back wil give.

---

*On Proud.*

Proud swells like *Boreas*, with face red as fire,  
And keeps a blustering stir in fuming ire,  
So Rubies ; do resemble flames, and yet  
Are neither hot or capable of heat,  
Since ther's no fire can warm them: So art thou  
As cold with inward fear, as hot in show.  
It is but false fire thy seeming Passion givs ;  
Then thine, there's not a tamer spirit livs.

---

*To his dear friend H. N.*

(wine,  
With what strange Philtrum's thou didst charm the  
Whose pow'rful influence made our souls combine  
And melt into our loving cups ; or how  
First thou didst win me to thee, I not know ;  
Wast 'cause thou'rt pleasant thinkst thou ? with discreet  
And harmless mirth setting an edge to wit ?  
Or 'cause thou'rt liberal, courteous, and free,  
The friend and Genius of the companie?  
Was't for thy person, wealth, or valour I  
So lov'd thee ? or was't only sympathie ?  
Was't *this*, or altogether made me doate  
Upon thee first ? no sure, nor this nor that:  
I can no certain cause assign thee why,  
But this, I love thee without *reason*, I.

## Epigrams.

*To Gripe and Holdclose.*

**G***Ripe* sais *Rags* cloaths are lousie, but *Holdclose*  
 Sais they'r so poor, they are not worth a lounce :  
 Though your phrase differ ; thus agree you may,  
 Give him fresh cloaths, heel shift his lice away.

---

*To Gallus.*

**W**hat's in three bellies in one day, wu'dst know ?  
 'Tis the new egge thou eatst, each morning to  
 Thy breakfast : first 'twas in the hens, and then  
 In thine, at night 'tis in thy hen's agen.

---

*On Bib.*

**B**ibs in a feaver alwaies, hot and drie,  
 Yet I ne'r saw him sick : the reason why ?  
 Lifes liquor sack he drinks, whose healthful sp'rit,  
 Expels both sickness, death, and *fear* of it.  
 Oh never dying juyce of th' pow'rful vine !  
 Thou makst men like thy Immortal self, divine.

---

*Of Loving Husbands.*

**W**E observe each loving Husband when the wife  
 Is labouring, by a strange reciproque strife

Doth



## Epigrams.

21

Doth sympathizing sicken, and't may be :  
In Law their one, and in Divinity.

---

## On Luscus.

*Luscus* is never wel, but changing stil,  
And though he loose by th' bargain change he wil :  
No marle he's grown so poor, how shud he els ?  
Too dear he buys *repentance* when he sels.

---

## On Stut.

THE more *Stut* strives to speak, he stams the more;  
But his cold tongue wel oyld, and hot with store  
Of wine, he speaks not like an Oracle then,  
But much, and loud, and plain as other men :  
Such Eloquence hath pow'rful wine : but he  
Drinks oft til he can neither speak nor see.  
The Remedie here is worse then the disaese,  
Better then *none*, a tongue imperfect is.

---

*On the strange Death of Eschylus*  
*a Poet.*

*ESchylus* foretold by a diviner, he  
By th' downfal of a house should ruind be :  
Fondly that day to 'void this Destinie  
Did keep the field, not yet resolv'd to die :

22

## Epigrams.

There, as he stood, a Faulcon in his beak  
 Having a Tortoys which he meant to break,  
 Suppos'd his bald pate, as he barehead stood,  
 To be a stone, on which to get his food  
 He let it fal : the Tortoys did remain  
 By this chance safe, and *Eschylus* was slain.  
 Oh the unalterd Persian Laws of fate !  
 Whose fixt decrees none can anticipate !  
*Bald Poets* hence prove mortal, whilst that crown  
 (Whose radiant temples, laureat with renown ,  
 And deckt with tresses like *Apollo's* brows)  
 Is safe from Envy's crack, or Deaths fel blows.

---

## On Cob.

FRom th' College *Cob* sent to the Ins of Court  
 Half codled, wu'd seem wise though he pay for't :  
 A pretty study he hath fil'd with books ;  
 Yet he in that or them but seldom looks.  
 Not to him but his *heire Cob* learning buys :  
 These are *Cobs* new *Fee simple* purchases.

---

## On Cleopatra.

R *Ich Cleopatra* striving to outvie  
 In luxuries excels *Mark Anthoine* ,  
 A Pearl in value worth three hundred crown  
 Dissolv'd in vinegar first did swallow down  
 At one proud draught ; and but prevented wu'd  
 At the next draught have swallowed one as good.  
 Oh monstrous stomach that could in one houre  
 Consume an Empire, and a State devoure ?

## Epigrams.

23

*On an Inveighing Poetaster.*

See where a snarling Scribler doth inveigh  
 In toothless jeasts against my Poesie !  
 The toothach sure torments his head and wit ;  
 Which makes him show his teeth that cannot bite.  
 Bees when they wound, disarm themselves : this Carl  
 So breaks his teeth when he doth biting snarle.

---

*The Dedication to Momus.*

To *Mæcenas* dedicate my book,  
 Hee'l read it with no supercilious look ;  
 To each Ingenious Reader I transmit  
 The same, he best knows how to judge of it ;  
 To th' simple that he may admire't, I give,  
 Whom 'cause he understands not, I forgive ;  
 To all my Poetizing friends I send it,  
 But to you only (*Momus*) I commend it.

---

*On Dul.*

Dull readeth much, many a leaf turns o'r,  
 Yet grows no wiser than he was before ;  
 Can tel you many Authors names by roat,  
 Which upon all occasions he wil quoad :  
 Forgets the text, which he ne'r understood,  
 Thus he eats much, but cann't digest his food.  
 Be not too greedie *Dul* ! first learn to spel !  
 Who rides too fast, at first, he rides not wel.

## Epigrams.

*On Accismus.*

**F**Oolish *Accismus* hath a qualitie  
 To deny offer'd things in modestie :  
 By chance one offer'd him an injurie,  
 He took it : Bless me ! what a fool was he ?

---

*On Tucca.*

**T**ucca e'r while went to a Bawdy house,  
 Where for his *entrance* he not paid a sous :  
 Oh conscience *Tucca* ! 'las ! it is their trade ;  
 I care not he replies, I'm sure I m paid.  
 'Tis just ; who e'rs caught stealing in the act  
 If he scape death, shu'd be burnt for the fact.

---

*To Rash.*

**R**ash swear not ! think not 'cause you swear that I  
 Believe you ! no : he that wil swear will lie.

---

*To Crispinus.*

**C**rispinus 'cause you lately writ a play,  
 And then didst put't in print the other day,  
 You think your self to be a profest Poet,  
 And where you come, believe, that all men know it :

By

## Epigrams.

25

By which smal work you now are grown so proud,  
 That now you dare amidst the *Homers* croud ;  
 And 'cause you have sipt a little, think you're free  
 Oth' learned Arts, and of their companie :  
 Intrude not yet *Crispinus* ! thou'rt not fit  
 For th' Muses quire, thine is but suburb wit.

---

## On Howdee.

WHen at the Court a fashions quite wore out,  
 And come to *Longlane* walks the town about,  
 Then doth my Ladies *Howdee* get into't,  
 And thinks him gallant in this new old suite :  
 No matter *Howdee*, thou'rt in fashion yet,  
 For though a great way off, thou *follow'st* it.

---

## To Brave.

WHer'er he comes, *Brave* like a Valiant Scot  
 Freely discharges all, and paies the shot ;  
 Else none wu'd care for's idle companie ;  
 When th' reck'ning comes, then *Brave*, I'l send for thee.

---

## On Venterwit.

HE scrapes up verses, shows them up and down,  
 And where they are likt, he saies they are his own :  
 If none commend them, then he swears he found  
 Them by chance, walking in the Temple round.

He

26

## Epigrams.

He by chance met with some of mine, which he  
 Had spoild with interlining ribauldrie :  
 Who showing askt we how I like't the strein ?  
 I told him 'twas a poor and empty vein :  
 He wondring at my censure, boldly said  
 They were the best lines that he ever made.  
 Yes : so they were I told him 'fore the text  
 Was by his comment thus perplext.  
 Fool thou'rt discover'd ; therefore take advise !  
 Spoil mine no more, or I'l proclaim thy lies !

---

*On Braggadochio Cit.*

Cit now he's rich doth boast his Pedigree  
 How he's allied to this great familie  
 And to'ther, whom as customers he knew ;  
 Thus both his kinred and acquaintance grew.  
 Peace Cit ! or I'l proclaim thy stock ; I know  
 That no more arms (poor thou) then legs can't show.

---

*On Wylde.*

Wylde drinks to drown his sorrows, and't may be,  
 The more he drinks, the more forgetful he.

---

*On Childish love.*

Children their mothers more than fathers love.  
 The cause is plain : the fathers often prove  
 Uncertain

## Epigrams.

27

Uncertain and unknown, and so it is :  
 For who can love what he nor knows, nor sees ?

---

*On Mr Spendall.*

I Asked *Spendall* why he spent so fast ?  
 Why he his coin did so profusely wast ?  
 Hee repli'd moneys were but crosses to him,  
 And gold a gilded bait that would undo him :  
 Why he sold all his land, I askt agen ?  
 Hang't 'twas but durt, why should he keep it then ?  
 To purchase Heav'n he wou'd sel that and moe,  
 Where til he left his earth, he could not goe :  
 Then, why he sold his bed ? troth hee did tell  
 Mee, whilst he *kept his bed*, he ne'r was well :  
 At last, I askt him why his clothes he sold ?  
 All to his naked shirt ? he was, he told  
 Me now about to bid to every friend  
 And th'world good-night, and so hee made his end.  
 Troth *Spendall*, I do like each smart reply,  
 But not thy witty foolish povertie.

---

*On Lawyer Say-much.*

*Saymuch* by chance in's feet had got the gout,  
 Yet pleaded stil ; there hee wou'd ne'r be out,  
 But talkt apace, though his feet gouty bee,  
 Yet hee may have a running tongue I see.

To

## Epigrams.

*To Medicus on Tucca.*

When *Tucca*'s sick, then straight he sends for thee,  
Look to his water ! hee'l give nothing, hee.

---

*To Vetus an old Antiquary.*

Vetus upon a Manuscript doth pore,  
Tiring himself in reading Hist'ry o'r ;  
What *Noah* eat before the floud, or how  
Learning increas'd, is all his care to know :  
Out of *Troys* ashes here he rakes a Storie,  
Makes him admire its strength, & *Priams* glorie :  
Tels you who *Athens* built, then talks of *Rome*,  
How many Consuls she hath had, and whom ;  
The oldest books and writings him best please,  
As many love to feed on mouldie cheese :  
Thus he remembers things forgot, doth know  
All that is past, but knows not what is now.  
'Troth now 'tis time to know thy selfe ; go die !  
Converse with th'dead ! here's none can make reply.

---

*On Fine.*

Fine carries 'bout him strong perfumes to please  
The Ladies sweeter comp'nie, nothing els.  
Yet : his breath stunk before of 's old disease,  
Hoping to hide which, now as strong he smells.



*On the Drunkards lavishness.*

I' L tel you why the drunk so lavish are,  
 They have too much, nay more then they can bear.

---

*On Poetizing Momus.*

**M**omus when any Poem he doth read,  
 Though it deserve just praise, and doth exceed  
 In wit and judgement ; yet he sighs it o'r,  
 Saying hee has read as good as it before :  
 Wil ne'r commend it ; and if any by  
 Ask how he likes it ? then he makes reply,  
 'Tis good, indifferent ; there's something in't,  
 Or it may pass, but 'tis scarce worth the print.  
 Thus though his wisdom can no fault espie,  
 Yet he denies it praise, in policie :  
 'Troth *Momus* if thou had'st, no better friend,  
 None would thy verses read, much lesse commend.

---

*On Linus.*

**L**inus his Peruke's made of womens hair,  
 Thus what was lost by women, they repair :  
 But not long after *Linus* nose did drop ;  
 'Las ! that was such a breach they could not stop.

*On*

03

## Epigrams.

*On Gallus.*

**T**Roubled in conscience *Gallus* weds his whore,  
 Hopes shee'l as honest prove as she was poore;  
 What skills saies hee? 'tis but as 'twas before,  
 I kept her then, and now I do no more:  
 For better and for worse our wives we take,  
 A Whore purchase an honest wife may make.

---

*On Histrio.*

**T**Hough *Histrio* on the stage doth often die,  
 Thus put in mind of his mortalitie,  
 Yet reclaims not, but lives licenciously,  
 As if he were to act eternally.  
 Believe me *Histrio* death at last wil come,  
 Though for a while hee keeps the tyring room.

---

*To a Tobaccoseller.*

**M**En buy thy smoak, but leave it all behind, (kind.  
 Thou sellest nought, grow'st rich, 'cause fools are

---

*To the Reader.*

**R**eaders! I am no *Epigramatist*,  
 No carping *Memus*, or fell *Satyrist*:

## Epigrams.

31

I touch no man, but in the generall,  
 And modest look, like equal day, on all ;  
 I personate none ; if you then guilty bee  
 'Tis your own fault t'apply it ; I am free.

---

## To Bankes.

When *Spendall* asks to borrow, you reply,  
 You know not when hee'l pay you; troth nor I.

---

## To the Physicians.

OF all the severall *Professions*  
 I best approve the wise *Physicians*,  
 You can kill men, nor fear a Jury for't,  
 And get experience by anothers hurt ;  
 You can take fees, whether you cure or no,  
 And large ones too ; few other trades do so:  
 Your shop is alwaies ope in war or peace,  
 All times alike conspire to your encrease ;  
 Then y'have the opportunity you know  
 To feel a Ladies tender pulse, or so :  
 Thus you both purge the purse and body too,  
 Are counted wise, 'cause fools makes use of you.

---

## To Lupa.

You are a medler *Lupa*, rotten too,  
 That's 'cause you are an open-arse you know.

*Epitaph*

32

## Epigrams.

*Epitaph on Bibulus.*

**H**ere, who but once in's life did thirst, doth lie,  
Perhaps the dust may make him once more drie.

---

*On Histrio.*

**H**istrio would needs go write a play of 's own,  
But could write nought but what's already known,  
For hee like th'leaden cisterne held no more  
Water, then what the Poet dropt before.

---

*To Gut.*

**G**ut eats and drinks, doth nothing els but swill,  
His teeth do grind, his mouth's the water-mil.

---

*To Simple.*

**S**imple you know I gave you good advice ;  
Little to say, that men might think you wise ;  
If you'l proclaim your self a fool you may :  
I onely tel you now what others say.

---

*To Brisk.*

**B**risk is in love, yet saies a single life  
Is best and freest from sorrow, care, or strife :  
What e'r you think, beleeev't 'tis true you say,  
Marry ! you'l find it so another day.

On

## Epigrams.

33

*On Nano being angry.*

**H**OW *Nano* swells ? how big he looks and high ?  
 What a large spleen he bears ? so hath the *fie*.

---

*To my Reader.*

**W**ONDER not why I humbly do not write,  
 Flatt'ring Encomium's to this Lord, that Knight !  
 And each known friend, as hungry Poets use !  
 Mine is a substantive unpension'd Muse ;  
 Nor e'r was hir'd to write an Epigram  
 In praise of this fool Lord, or that proud Dame.

---

*To one that asked me why I would write  
 an English Epigram after  
 B. Johnson.*

**H**OW ! dost thou ask me why my ventrous pen  
 Durst write an English Ep'gram after Ben ?  
 Oh ! after him is manners, though it would  
 'Fore him, have writ, if how, it could have told.

---

*On Galla.*

**G**ALLA *Hobgoblins* fears, she saies, at night,  
 And Ghostly Sprights, yet nought can her affright  
 When any man is with her ; shee's afraid  
 More by the next daies light to be betrai'd.

To

## Epigrams.

*To Nab.*

**N***Ab!* thy small wits stil shrink i'th' wetting, why  
 Then drinkst thou so? I'd have thee sow up, I  
 Thy lips, but that thy tongue's the fiddle to  
 The company, drink then! so that but go!

---

*Certain modest deprecations against my  
 malevolent Detraكتور.*

**M**ay hee be proud, yet poor against his wil!  
 May hee be forked, and yet jealous stil!  
 May his wife beat him sober, when he's drunk!  
 May his *Xanthippe* prove, what's worse, a punk!  
 May not the *King* reign in his purse a day!  
 May he have ne'r a crosse when he shou'd pay!  
 May no man mind him what he saies! and hee  
 May he have neither friend oremie!  
 May no man read his lines! may none at least  
 Commend, or laugh when ere he breaks a jeast!  
 May he eat much, and yet stil hungry feed!  
 May no man lend him, when he stands in need!  
 May he be deep in love, and ne'r obtain!  
 May all his hopes be frustrate, and in vain!  
 May his horse in his haste of business tire!  
 May he be envious stil, and yet admire!

---



## Epigrams. *Lib.2.*

---

### *To the gentle Reader.*

' **C** Aufe second thoughts are best, perhaps you'll look  
 For higher *Gusto* in this second book :  
 If so ; read on ! fine stomachs pleased are  
 Better with second cates, though lighter fare.  
 Sawce here perhaps you'll find unto your meat,  
 I'll bring the *Tart*, if you'll but make it sweet.

---

### *To the Lady Phanton.*

**M**Adam ! you wear a feather in your head,  
 Your face is all Mosaick, coloured  
 With shining unguents ; next your linnen's white,  
 Your garments too are, as your carriage, light ;  
 Your heel's are cork you walk on : I'll avow't,  
 That *Madam* ! now y'are light from head to foot.

---

### *On Lying.*

**P**Oets and Painters by authoritie  
 As wel as Travellers we say may lie :  
 Peripateticks lie, few know 'tis so ;  
 Painters for lying have some colour too ;

But

36

## Epigrams.

But Bolder Poets when they falsifie,  
They do't as neatly, they in *Print* do lie.

---

*Epitaph on John Newter.*

**R**Eader ! *John Newter* who erst plaid  
The Jack on both sides, here is laid  
Who like th'herb *John* Indifferent  
Was nor for King or Parliament ;  
Yet fast and loose he could not play  
With death, he took him at a Bay ;  
What side his soule hath taken now  
God or Div'l ? we hardly know :  
But this is certain, since he dy'd,  
Hee hath been mist of neither side.

---

*A Question about Law.*

**O**Ne ask'd why th'Law was now so much neglected !  
Marry ( said I ) it never was respected,  
But stil declin'd ee'r since the Judges ruffs  
Were turn'd to little falling bands and cuffs.

---

*To my Book-seller.*

I've common made my book ; 'tis very true ;  
But I'd not have thee prostitute it, too ;  
Nor show it barefac'd on the open stall  
To tempt the buyer : nor poast it on each wall  
And corner poast close underneath the Play  
That must be acted at Black-Friers that day :

Nor



## Epigrams.

37

Nor see some Herring-cryer for a groat  
 To voice it up and down, with tearing throat.  
 Nor bid thy 'prentice read it and admire,  
 That all i'th' shop may what he reads enquire.  
 No: proper'd wares do smel: I'd have thee know  
 Pride scorns to beg: Modestie fears to wooe.

---

*On Mr Fanning the Engastrometh.*

TO speak within, and to ones selfe, and yet  
 Bee heard, is much, yet *Fanning* doth it:  
 So tall and stout a man, 'tis strange to see't  
 So like a coward should his words down eat  
 The belly hath no ears they say; yet his  
 Hath ears to hear, and tongue to talk, I wis.

---

*On the Invention of Printing  
 and Guns.*

A Souldier found at first the way to Print,  
 And 'twas a German Munk did Guns invent:  
 Thus like arm'd *Pallas*, learning doth depend  
 On arms, nor can they without this, defend.

---

*To Megæra.*

*Megæra*! since thy ugly face would fright  
 The Div'l himselfe and all that look on it;  
 Prithee why dost thou wear a looking-glasse?  
 I cast a figure for that cause, she saies,

To

38

## Epigrams.

To fright him from me, and each lustful eie :  
 Fear't not ! I'll warr'nt thee none shal tempt thee, I ;  
 For he that should on thy face doat, I'd swear,  
 Both blind, and mad, bewicht indeed he were.

---

*On Plot.*

Plot now he's married, and keeps house, I hear  
 Is like his butter, mad but twice a year :  
 In *Hymens* sheets good-fellowship may lie  
 Thus bedred, and in time expiring die.

---

*To VV.B. a smal Poet.*

ONE distick well-made's worth two Poems ill ;  
 Prithee contract then thine to disticks *Will*.

---

*The Stonie Age.*

'TOfore there was a Golden Age, next that  
 A Silver one, but now 'tis Iron all ;  
 To what I tro wilt next degenerate ?  
 To stone I think in stead of Minerall.

*To*

## Epigrams.

39

*To Captain Nym.*

**B**etimes thou findst me e'r I stir, and sai'st  
 Thy mornings draught o'r night thou promis'd wast,  
 But thou nor car'st so much for that or me,  
 My breeches in the chair thou com'st to see;  
 Thy plot prevented thus thou fliest hence,  
 In hast to th' next friend with the like pretence,  
 Whose pockets, you surprising, borrow there  
 Without his leave a crown perhaps, for fear  
 More mist, might be discover'd, for thy friend  
 Shouldst thou but ask it, would not six pence lend:  
 Thus each friends hinder Phob thy want supplies,  
 Whence thou dost raise thy daily subsidies,  
 And pick some crums of comfort; but alas!  
*Nym* th'other night by *Festus* couzned was,  
 With whom he needs would lie; for *Festus* did  
 Not think his money safe though under's bed,  
 But hid it in *Nym's* pocket: thought he, ne'r  
 Wil, shifting *Nym*, look once for money there.  
 Thus *Nym* protected, what he els had stole;  
 Better to venter thus, then lose the whole.

---

*To Mutus.*

**M***utus* where e'r he comes in companie  
 Sits stil, observes, speaks not a word to any:  
 Are you a spie or State-informer grown?  
 Set to pick treason, when we are high flown,  
 From out our harmless mirth > forgive me pray?  
 I've wrong'd you *Mutus*, you can nothing say.

40

## Epigrams.

*To Jealous.*

*J*ealous if any laughs is angry straight,  
 Suspects they jeer at him ; oh foolish Wight !  
 Because another smiling wries his nose  
 Wilt thou betray thy selfe, and so expose  
 Thee to more laughter ? though you guilty bee,  
 Yet I dare say there's no man thought of thee.

---

*On Taurus.*

*T*aurus told that his wife many lov'd ;  
 Hee lov'd her better 'cause she was approv'd :  
 I said they us'd her ; then he made reply,  
 I care not so they use her wel, nor I.  
 Oh wilful Cuckold ! who wil pittie thee,  
 That when you're told, won't believe til you see ?

---

*On Swill.*

*O*N fasting-daies *Swill* eats and drinketh fast,  
 Plaies fast, hopes thus the world wil alwaies last :  
 Thus *Swil* doth fast, while the rule *Fast* and *Pray*,  
 Hee onely changes into feast and play !

---

*On Resolute Bat.*

*A*S rough as bear-skins for behaviour,  
 Abisket face as hard for favour,  
 As blunt as back of knife, as dul  
 As whetstone, or cram'd capon ful,

His

## Epigrams.

41

His talk as women backward flat,  
 And though laught at, he's Resolute *Bat* ;  
 Hee'l to the Club, and prate his share  
 Or more, pay lesse than any there ;  
 Oh what a pretty thing is it  
 To be but bold though without wit ?

---

*To Veta an old Shrew.*

**Y**Our husband musters old things quite forgotten,  
 As men eat Medlers when they are quite rotten :  
 All th'rags of time he hangs up, he can see ;  
 Keep out of 's sight ! or els he'l hang up thee !

---

*To Big.*

**B**ig why hast got so smal a wife ? 'tis best  
 Thou sai'st, of evils we should chuse the least :  
 Thou hop'st to overlay her, that's thy plot,  
 Kil her and get another, is it not ?

---

*To Mæchus.*

**T**O be most idle thou maist well be fed,  
 Whilst lazily thou dost thy work abed.

---

*On Captain Sharke*

*S*harke's Creditor promis'd oft, at length did say,  
 Hee now begun to fear hee ne'r wou'd pay :

42

## Epigrams.

You need not fear it Sir ! *Shørke* made replie,  
I ne'r intended to repay it, I.

---

*To Boldface.*

**B**oldface I wonder at thy impudence,  
That dar'st affirm things so against all sence :  
For shame be n't impudent and foolish too !  
And think all men are fooles 'cause you are so !

---

*To Phydias a Painter.*

**I** Phydias askt how he could paint a maid ?  
Find mee but one ! I'l paint her then he said.

---

*On Chœril.*

**C**hœril because his wife is somewhat ill,  
Uncertain in her health indifferent stil  
Hee turns her out of doors without reply :  
Wondring at which, I askt the reason why ?  
In sickness and in health saies he, I'm bound  
Onely to keep her, either weak or sound ;  
But now shee's neither, he replies : you'l see,  
Shee'l quickly now or mend or end, saies hee.

---

*On Stupro.*

**S**tupro on horseback saies hee'l ride no more,  
'Tis 'cause hee hath been jaded much before :

Hee

## Epigrams.

43

Hee may the *Trojan* Palfrey now bestride,  
The living jades are *fiery hot*, to ride.

---

*On Swillmore.*

*Swillmore* grown dry with talking, drinks til hee  
Was got so drunk he could nor speak nor see :  
His windy words foxt him ; some drunk have bin,  
As well by letting out as taking in.

---

*On Brave.*

*Braves* money melt's in's pocket, 't may be so  
B'Twas warm before, but now 'twil colder grow.

---

*On Pure.*

His text no sooner nam'd, but *Pure* inveigh'd  
Gainst *Rome*, and run quite from't as one afraid :  
A sudden rapture 'twas ; his text and hee  
I fear wil ne'r again meet, or agree.

---

*On Dull.*

So many men, so many minds there be ;  
Yet in dispute *Dull* wil not disagree,  
But alwaies is on's neighbours mind, 'cause hee  
Cannot tel how to contradict, I see.

44

## Epigrams.

*On Sir Sullen Haughtie.*

WHen I thank *Haughtie* for his curtesie,  
 He said he not expected it from me :  
 Nor I from him that kindness, wherefore I  
 Thankt him 'cause't came so unexpectedly.

---

*To his worthy friend T.S. Esquire.*

IF to be mild be Generositie ;  
 To scorn to give or take an injurie ;  
 If to be patient, and yet valiant too  
 Be truly noble, then (Sir ! ) you are so :  
 Virtu's the best Nobilitie is known,  
 You're virtuous noble too, in this alone.

---

*To Pantagus.*

NOne can say ought, but you'll say something to't,  
 There's nought another doth, but you can do't :  
 You're cunning *Pantagus*, and singular,  
 Good at all things, but no particular.

---

*To Lautus.*

*L*Autus thy palate can be pleas'd with nought  
 But the best cates far-fetcht, and dearest bought ;  
 Sicilian Lampreys, and the Thuscan Boar,  
 With witty dainties ne'r heard of before  
*Vitellius* age, such as *Minerva's* shield,  
 A dish made of *Scames* livers, and then fil'd

With



## Epigrams.

45

With milt of Sturgeon, and with brains of Railes,  
 Pheasants and Peacocks, and Egyptian Quailes,  
 With tongues of Nightingales, and those more rare  
 And seld-seen Crimson birds, his usual fare :  
 Mullers and *Celsy* Coggles, the *Severn* Trout,  
 And what more daintie novels can be bought :  
*Botargo*, Anchovois, Puffins too, to taste  
 Thy Maronæan wines, at meals thou hast.  
 Thus all thy lands thou eat'st and drinkest down,  
 In thy fair Boggards buried lie, thus grown  
 With dear-bought soil so rich, to dung the small  
 Acre that's left unfold, and that is all.

---

## On Prophane.

**P***rophane* ne'r speaks of God, but in his oathes,  
 Which he doth change more often than his cloathes :  
 Nor thinks he on him when he vainly swears,  
 Oh Atheist, that nor God, nor Devil fears.

---

## On Bib.

**W**isedome doth teach us silence, now *Bib* is  
 With drink made speechless, is he not then wise ?

---

## The effects of Brainfick's letters.

**Y**our lines were all so sweet, and work't so wel,  
 So purg'd me too, that I can hardly tel  
 Whether they wrought on my affections more  
 Or on my body, I drew thence such store  
 Of precious Elixer, and so much  
 Compounded Cates, whose qualitic was such,

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## Epigrams.

That where my Physick promis'd me but seven,  
 By virtue of your lines I had eleven.  
 But yet I'll tel you ; troth 'twas een forgot  
 It purg'd and scar'd and wipt off you know what ;  
 It griev'd mee your fair hand should undergo  
 So foul an office as to wipe it too ;  
 But rather then your hand or paper bee  
 Stain'd with this act, let the guilt lie on mee.  
 I did it 'cause I know that you could write  
 Such lines again as fast as I could——  
 Write to me oftner pray ! so I may save  
 Physicians fees, and may bum-fodder have.

---

*On Mr Ap-Taffie Shentilman of Wales.*

THE way to make proud *Taffie* down on's knees  
 Is tel him that the Moon's made of green cheese ;  
 Hee then in Heav'n would bee, and wil desire  
 Nought but to tost his bobbie by her fire.

---

*To an Irish-man.*

WHEN I do sneeze, God blesse you, you do say,  
 Why not the same when I do fart, I pray ?  
 Are not both sudden ruptures that do make  
 As with an earthquake the whole body shake ?  
 To break before, at Irish, you do find  
 To be less dang'rous then to break behind ;  
 Besides, this brings a good report you see,  
 Why is not this as welcome then to thee ?  
 When I break forward, you (Christ help you) say,  
 But when I backwards break, you backwards pray.  
 Pardon me Sir ! 'tis my infirmitie,  
 'Tis the windcholick that thus troubles me.

## Epigrams.

47

*To Spruce.*

*Spruce* wears a comb about him, alwaies he  
 To prune and smooth his polisht haire :  
 The Cock's ne'r too without his comb you see,  
*Spruce* 'tis a *Coxcomb* then you weare.

---

*To Formall.*

When *Formal* knows not what to say, then hee  
 Oh Lord, Sir ! cries with much tautologie :  
 Now the Lord help thee *Formal*, 'twas wel meant,  
 Though you but spoke of him in compliment.

---

*On Swift.*

*Swift* though h'has bin but once 'mongst Gentlemen,  
 And hath learnt what their Christen names are, then  
 He speaks to them in such familiar phraze,  
 As if th'had long acquainted been, and saies,  
 If any speak of them, he knows 'um wel,  
 And calls them *Jack*, *Dick*, or the like, wil tel  
 You when, and where he saw them last, and how  
 Their intimate acquaintance first did grow.  
*Swift* thy too much familiaritie  
 May breed contempt. Believ't they know not thee.

---

*The Wisdome of this age.*

The Wise-men were but seven : now we scarce know  
 So many fools, the world so wise doth grow.

## Epigrams.

*On Priscus.*

*PRiscus* doth poetize now he's in love;  
 Strange each blind Lover should a Poet prove !  
 He is inspired sure, how els could he  
 Be such a Chymist in Loves Poetrie ?  
 He courts his Mistris out of *Ovids* art  
 Has th' *Amadis* and *Spencer* all by heart,  
 Whence he extracts his sonnets, and his rime,  
 And speaks them, dreaming, in and out of time.  
 Such sudden raptures seldome constant be,  
 His love is blind, and so's his Poetrie.

---

*On Proud.*

*Proud* quarrels in his cups, and then wil fight,  
 Is beaten sober, 'troth he is served right.

---

*On Doctor Emperick.*

*W*ise *Emperick* can all diseases cure,  
 His Physick though't be strong it worketh sure :  
 A litte *mors in ollâ* which expels  
 Disease and life together, nothing els.  
 Happy thy patient, you dispatch him quick ;  
 Your mighty art won't let him long be sick.

---

*On Bib.*

*T*O quench his sorrows *Bib* drinks very free,  
 Sorrow is drie, he saies, and so is hee.

## Epigrams.

49

## On Nokes.

One askt why *Nokes* discoursing shakt his head ?  
 A Rattle-head 'twas 'cause he was, I sed :  
 Therefore he shakt his empty sconce, to find  
 Whether within with any braines 'twere lin'd :

*To his friend and Companion*  
*Mr H.N.*

WIt's all the younger sons inheritance,  
 A small estate, which cannot much advance :  
*Virgil* may talk of Bees, and dunging land,  
 But 'tis the *Heir* that has them in his hand :  
 To him th'indulgent father all doth give,  
 While they alas have nought wherewith to live  
 But what Dame Nature, like a careful mother,  
 Laid up, and said 'twas for a younger brother.  
 A store of Wit heav'n knowes 'tis all she gave,  
 And yet you're rich enough, while this you have.  
 A *Fico* for thy brothers lands ! thou'ast more  
 In Mount *Parnassus*, than is all his store :  
 There with *Apollo* thou maist sit and dine  
 With heav'nly *Nectar*, sup with th' *Muses* nine ;  
 The lustie Gods and Goddesses wil be  
 With all the *Graces* there in companie :  
 There we have fields to walk in ; oh what fine  
 Mirth there is in good company and wine !  
 Lastly to make you fully happy, *Bettie* ;  
 Will meet i'th' *arbour* ; oh shee's wondrous prettie !  
 Now tel me friend, is not this better sport,  
 Than to have money, and no pleasure for't ?

50

## Epigrams.

*To Levinus.*

I Have lent *Sbarke* monies, which *Levinus*, you  
 Perswade me, long put off, he'l pay me now :  
 When tro ? at the Greek Calends ? when the Fleece  
 Wants guests ? when he and I ; two Sundaies meet ?  
 If he solve he, deceives me, if not, he  
 Cozens me worse ; stil I deceiv'd must be  
 Whither he pay or not : I'ad rather tho  
 Be thus deceiv'd then cozend : tel him so !

---

*On Vulpe.*

AS Ravens 'bout the breathless Carcass flie,  
 So swarm *Vulpe's* friends, now he but seems to die •  
 Each greedy angler hook and line doth lay,  
 Baited with gifts to catch this *Aurata*  
 Which swallows both, escapes, takes all they give,  
 Thus old get heirs each day, and stil doth live :  
*Vulpe* preys o'th, living, he most *Vulter* is ;  
 These *Harpies* hope for prey, but when *Vulpe* dies,

---

*Blessed Ignorance.*

H E E is most happy sure that knoweth nought,  
 Because he knows not that he knoweth not.

---

*To a poore Begger.*

I F thou hadst said th'hadst had no money, I  
 Would then have thee believed, but now you lie,  
 'Cause

## Epigrams.

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'Cause you do say you want it, for 'tis mad  
To say one wants that which he never had :  
A word wel plac't may serve one at a need,  
Learn to beg right, or you may want indeed.

---

*On Thais her Bastard.*

**T**Hais the mother, but the father who ?  
Thais her self nor any else doth know :  
Can th' son oth' people want a father ? when  
For parents he can claime so many men ?

---

*On Gamster.*

**P**Lay fair and swear not ? burn the tables ! I  
Wil neither th' one nor th' other by this die :  
Gamester I'l now believe thee valiant too,  
'Cause you'l not swear less then you mean to do.

---

*Epitaph on the Preaching Cobler How.*

**T**Ranslated here lies Cobler *How*,  
Who, when he liv'd could rip and sow,  
Divide and stitch a text together  
Just as he us'd to spoil his leather.  
Or rather here he's underlaid,  
Who oft o'rlay two chairs and praid,  
That his inspired tongue might mend  
More souls then e'r his Coblers end  
Or hands could cure : he often said  
Walk ye uprightly in your trade !  
And when your soles do tread awry  
Bring them to me I pray ! and I

Will

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## Epigrams.

Wil set them streight : be mending stil  
 As I am ! 'Tis Gods heav'nly wil.  
 Many were wrought on thus, but th' time was past,  
 And so he finisht when death brought his last.  
 Cobler thou hast set up enow  
 That *since* can prate like Cobling *How*.

---

*On Sir John Lackland.*

**J**ack Lackland bringing gracious news to Court,  
 The King was hap'ly pleas'd to Knight him for't :  
 He proud of's honour writes to all his friends,  
 And with—Yours Sir *John Lackland*—Knight—he ends.  
 'Tis fit he shud, for wer't not under's hand  
 None would believe him Knight, that had no land.

---

*On Cosmo.*

**C**osmo in's new and holiday array,  
 Then to be sure he walks abroad that day ;  
 Goes to a play, wil stand i'th' pit, and talk,  
 Whiffe smoak, or to be markt, out often walk.  
 'Tis pitty *Cosmo* wears no oftner new,  
 For then he oftner would appear in view.

---

*On Lowfi-Patch.*

**W**ho saies *Patch* lowfie vestments weareth, when  
 They are so threadbare that no vermin can  
 Upon them stick ? Yes : though that they be thin  
 His loving lice stick closer to his skin.

*On*



## Epigrams.

53

*On Light.*

**L**ight steals a jeaft, and then to mak't his own  
 He walks from one to th' other, up and down ;  
 By oft repeating thus he prostrates it;  
 Light hath a common, though a running wit.

---

*On a fire in a Town.*

**O**Ne night through all the streets the men did crie  
 Fire fire ! at which I wak't and wondred by ;  
 Not that drie wood should burn, but because all  
 Did crie *fire*, when they should for water call.

---

*Epitaph on Hocas Pocas.*

**H**ere *Hocas* lies with his tricks and his knocks,  
 Whom Death hath made sure as his Juglers box :  
 Who many hath cozen'd by his Leiger demein,  
 Is preſto convey'd and here underlain :  
 Thus *Hocas* he's here, and here he is not,  
 While death plaid the *Hocas*, and brought him toth' pot.

---

*To one that talked finely.*

**H**ow prettily it talks as you would ſay  
 His ſpeech did wear her holiday array?  
 With fine ſpun language dreſt is his diſcourſe,  
 It talks in print where not a word of courſe

Drops

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## Epigrams.

Drops from his tongue, but all so finely wove  
 So smooth so soft as you would swear he strove  
 To outdo the silkworm, whilst each word he saies  
 Was studied for before, for th' better grace.  
 Speak like a man ! stil to be neatly drest  
 Is womanish : your homespun cloath is best,  
 Because 'twil longer last and finer wear,  
 Labour'd invention holds not out the year.

---

*To Cosmo on his fair scolding wife.*

Smoak makes one fair, yet saies the Proverb, where  
 It alwaies smoaks, 'tis a foul sign that there  
 A dangerous Scold doth dwel, whose fiery tongue  
 Outdo's the fire and draws the smoak along.  
 The troubled house. *Cosmo* th' hast light upon  
 A fair scold to thy wife, the Question  
 Whither her tongue, that charm'd these clouds to rise,  
 Or the smoak, cause so many crying cies.

---

*On Silly.*

Silly observes the company and hears  
 How each man throws about his jeasts and jeers,  
 Lest any spie him he about him looks  
 And forth his pocket steals his table-books.  
 To glean those crums which wise men throw away,  
 With which he feasts himself another day.  
 Silly by chance did loose his Diarie  
 Of wit, which he had got o' th' companie :  
 No mar! he now so mute and pensive sits,  
 How can he chuse, since he hath lost his wits ?

## Epigrams.

55

*To Momus.*

**B**Ecause I no *Mæcenæ*s get  
 To patronize my verse as yet  
 Nor wooing e'r bespok my friend  
 To swear them witty or wel pen'd ;  
*Momus* dares say they'ar poor, not worth  
 The owning, silly, and so forth :  
 Ingenious Readers are my Judges here,  
 But *Momus* you are none of those I fear.

---

*On Bib.*

**A** Drunken man can catch no harme they say,  
 How then came drunken *Bib* so *port* I pray !  
 He was not drunk enough when that he caught,  
 He could not so have done or suffer'd ought.

---

*To Moore.*

**A** Pockhold-lean-swarth-face with ugly hair  
 And yet be trim'd each morn to make thee fair ?  
 If 'bout that face thoult keep so much ado,  
 Get thee a Barbar, a Facemender too ?

---

*To Madam Cr. wearing a lookinglass  
 at her Girdle.*

**M**Adam ! you look so often on your glass,  
 I fear you doubt whither or no your face

Be

56

## Epigrams.

Be stil your own, or the same yesterday  
 It was : for colours change or fade away.  
 Then view no more thy own fair Physnomie !  
 Because I'd have thee look the more on me.

---

*On Squire Huffle.*

Squire *Huffle* had got a vap'ring trick to talk  
 High ranting words, then 'bout the room to walk  
 Like bold *Andrea* acting on the stage  
 Often in speech would personate his rage :  
 Sometimes he grew Satyrick and would strein  
 To jeer each man in King *Cambyse's* vein.  
 Blunt being toucht grew angry, made reply  
 Though I cann't prate yet you shal find that I  
 Can fight, and beat him soundly : 'tis the way  
 Thus to cure madmen, as I have heard say.

---

*On Philip Soupe and Jone his wife.*

LO I the tragick story sing o'th' life  
 And death of *Philip Soupe* and *Jone* his wife ;  
 A friendly pair of Turtles that did love  
 Goodfellowship and lusty ale above  
 All earthly good : for why ? they oft wu'd say  
 'Tis high and mighty *Ale* doth griefs allay,  
 And when 'tis nappy and spirituall,  
 Ale is both meat and drink, and cloath, and all,  
 For all's included in this sentence Ale :  
 Lets drink it then they cryd, or new or stale.  
 It hap't these two once wanting companie  
 Which made them sad, and sadness made them drie,  
 Set foot to foot, and tryd the masterie,  
 Each lookt to th' to'ther too with narrow cie,

*Phil.*

## Epigrams.

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*Phil* drunk to *Iug*, and *Iug* cryd *Phil* again  
 Til none could stand or speak one sentence plain,  
 Fild up toth' throat when both could drink no more  
 And th' rest o'th' drink left running 'bout the floor,  
 Cause neither could the spicket wield aright,  
 Resolving as 'twas time to sleep that night,  
 They shok their cloaths off both at last, and so  
 Stumbled into their beds with much ado :  
 But oh the sad disasters that befel them  
 At this encounter ! You anon shal smel them :  
 For when *Iug* rows'd to bus her *Philip*, she  
 Her stomach being o'r-charg'd did rain a sea  
 Of pow'rful Ale in poor *Phil*'s face and breast,  
 Whose gaping mouth, and stomach thus opprest  
 With the receipt of his wives spew'd-up liquor  
 Grew sick, no vomit could have made him sicker,  
 He turn'd and groan'd as if he were to die,  
 Then straightwaies fac't about, and furiously  
 Reverst, he charg'd her body with his rear  
 On her right flank all-to-bedighting her,  
 Then he drew up and spew'd, then charg'd agen  
 Til he had routed all her bodie, then  
 After a Parley sounded, *Iug* did say  
 Thou'rt pestlence hot, draw off now, *Philip*, pray ;  
 The place soon grew too hot indeed for them,  
 For the foul Stygian lake did never steam  
 With such gross vapours as did thence arise,  
 Ready to choak them both in woful wise.  
 At last *Phil* reacht for th' Iordan where he might  
 Convert his Ale to Lees, but missing it  
 He fel a ground : the like did *Iug* bety'd  
 Who reaching for the drink o'th' other side  
 Fel down with th' chamberpot upon her head,  
 Beside themselves, and both beside the bed ;  
 Nak'd and asleep i'th' morning both were found  
 In pickle prostrate on the spawled ground :  
 Sad chance ! this loving couple never were  
 Known until now to *fal out* any where :

Oh

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## Epigrams.

Oh curfed Ale could thus part man and wife !  
 'Twas in their cups, let that excuse the strife.

---

*On Poet Cordus a Rimer.*

WHEN Poet *Cordus* writes, he oftentimes  
 Doth wiew draw his matter to his rimes,  
 Provide but reason, rime wil flow ; but he  
 Harps more upon the words, then sence, I see.

---

*On Fusk.*

WHY should *Fusk* of his wife so jealous be  
 Unless his own sins taught him jealousy ?  
 (For we are often more suspicious far  
 Of that wherein our selves most guilty are :)  
 Some rather think *Fusk* insufficient,  
 And 'cause he cannot give his wife content  
 Therefore he fears she seeks abroad, for why  
 Women they wil be satisfi'd, or cry :  
 Some say he thinks she's wiser far then he,  
 And so turns Envie into jealousy :  
 Stil the fault lies in him not her, you see,  
 While *Fusk* grows lean with triple jealousy.

---

*To an old deformed Woman.*

THOU art a Remedie for love, for he  
 That thee beholds, in love shal never be.

## Epigrams.

59

*To Cit.*

I Wonder *Cit* thou art so confident  
 Sure I ne'r gave thee such encouragement,  
 I never borrowed of thee, nor was I  
 Ever once drunk in thy base companie,  
 Nor did you e'r pimp for me, or bid me come  
 To dinner with your friendly wife at home,  
 You ne'r yet offer'd to be bound for me  
 Nor canst claim kinred by affinitie :  
 How dare you then be so familiar  
 With me ? what ! do you think because you are  
 Free of the City, and in time may be  
 The grave *Cinquater* of your Companie  
 Or 'cause sometimes you walk in scarlet gowne,  
 Reverenc'd by boys and watermen oth' town,  
 Or 'cause your sattin doublet's girt with gold,  
 I'm therefore bound to you ? are you thus bold  
 Because you are grown rich by wicked gain ?  
 To your shop Squundrel ! and your wares again !  
 And converse there with thy Apprentices.  
 If thou'lt oblige me with true curtesies  
 And lend gentilely, then perhaps I'll own  
 Thee for a friend, else thou'rt a *Cit* : be gone.

---

*To Plagiarië.*

FEloniously thou stealst anothers wit,  
 'Cause sure thou art to have thy book for it :  
 Thou art no learned thief yet, for although  
 Thou readeest wel thou canst not write wel too.

## Epigrams.

*To Lysippus a Barber.*

**L***ysippus* ! some mistake, have said that you  
 Are a Barbarian, but I think a Jew,  
 You circumcise so much, and for your ends  
 So smoothly stroak the faces of your friends,  
 Making young novices of all that you  
 Can circumvent : thus you are a Barbarous Jew.

---

*To a corrupt Judge.*

**W**hy thou so dear dost law and Justice sel,  
 Dost hear and take on either side so wel,  
 I wonder not : the Court *Scianus* made  
 Thee buy thy place so dear as some have said ;  
 Great reason then that who so dear doth buy,  
 Should th' ptice enhance when he doth sel, as high.

---

*Lydia encountered.*

**F***rancis* and *Lydia* in a jeasting way  
 Each other strove to jeer ; he won the day  
 At last, and silenc'd her ; at which she grew  
 So vext, that in her passion she flew  
 Upon young *Francis*, and 'twixt rage and fear  
 Saluted him with a fair box o'th' ear,  
 He threw her down o'th' bed, and kist her 'til  
 She cri'd agen, for madness 'gainst her wil :  
 Oh sweet revenge ! who would not thus fall out  
 If he might have but such a kissing bout ?  
 Kifs and be friends was the old way you know  
 Of reconciling, so it seems 'twas now.



*On Gaming.*

SOME play for gain, to pass time others play  
 For nothing, both do play the Fool I say:  
 Nor time or coin I'll lose or idly spend;  
 Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.

---

*On Brag.*

BRAG his right glove draws often off and on,  
 To show his wounds on each occasion:  
 Tel not for shame, Brag, where thou gotst those scars;  
 A tavern broil did mark thee, not the wars.

---

*To Cosmo.*

READING my verses *Cosmo* wonders why  
 They swel not with Poetique Historie,  
 Why I not use their pretty fables, whence  
 I may suck matter to enlarge my sence?  
 As now to speak of *Danae's* golden show'r,  
 Then of *Narcissus* turn'd into a flow'r,  
*Ixions* wheel, or *Sisyphus* his stone,  
 Or how the Moon kiss'd lov'd *Endymion*;  
 Then to display *Medusa's* snakie locks,  
 Or talk of wise *Pandora* and her box,  
 Or him that wisht that all he toucht were gold,  
 And how this granted all his meat resolv'd  
 At the first touch to gilded baits, and he  
 Not able to digest them, forc't to die:  
 Then of slain *Pelops* Ivory shoulder, how  
*Io* by *Jove* was turn'd into a cow:

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## Epigrams.

Of th' *Minotaur's* born of *Pasiphe*  
 And of *Leucothea* turn'd into a tree  
 Of frankincense : or of *Tiresias*  
 Who sometimes man and sometimes woman was :  
 Then of *Minerva* born of *Jupiters* brain  
 Or by his wife how *Hercules* was slain  
 With *Nessus* poison'd shirt : or of the maid  
 Turn'd to a spider, how she first was said  
 To invent spinning : these he did conclude  
 With many more you may oftentimes allude  
 Unto your purpose, where each fiction  
 By allegoricall allusion  
 Becomes your own, and thereby also you  
 Are both Historian and Poet too.  
 Troth I wil tel thee why I did omit  
 Such fabulous phansies, first because I writ  
 Not only to be read but understood ;  
 And next 'cause *lies*, down not with all, for food.  
 The finest web is by the spider spun ;  
 He's poor that borrows his invention.

---

## On Mounſieur Congee.

A Proper handsome courtly man indeed,  
 And wel ſet out with cloaths, can for a need  
 Diſcourſe with legs, and quarter congies, and  
 Talk half an howr with help of foot and hand.  
 But when I vied this Mounſieur clean throughout  
 I found that he was only man without.

---

## On Gripe.

Gripe to himſelf talks of the ſums he lent  
 And of the debts he owes, but to prevent

Others

## Epigrams.

63

Others from borrowing more; away you lew  
 Dost think I'd ask of such a knave as you?  
 Besides if I of thee to day should borrow,  
 I know th' whole town should hear of it to morrow.

---

*To Harsh.*

Musick that once could move each rock and tree  
 Not a whit moves thee *Harsh*, or pleaseth thee;  
 Thy inharmonious soul how wilt thou bring  
 To Heav'n, where Angels nothing else but sing?  
 A Hellish sure and untun'd soul hath he  
 That is not rapt with musicks extasie:  
 Knowst not what evil spirits it expels?  
 It cur'd afflicted *Saul*, and nothing else:  
 It doth inspire the soul and heighten it;  
 Tho' hadst better lose thy ears than once be bit  
 By a *Tarantula* whose deadly wound  
 Is only healed by soft musicks sound.

---

*To Cupid.*  
*His Armes blazoned.*

Luna he bears, in a cross *Saturn* plain  
 A flaming heart transfix'd *Sol*; thus slain  
 In the wounds orifice it bleeds *Mars*, from whence  
 Bloudie drops flow, and under the pretence  
 For Motto this inscribed more is,  
*Sanat Amor vulnus amoris.*  
 Thy Arms do speak thee Noble, Cruel too,  
 Else thou wouldst ne'r so many hearts undo:

H

How

## 64

## Epigrams.

How much thou dost degenerate I find,  
For thy fair Goddesse Mother was more kind.

---

*On proud Mrs. Minx.*

Pride takes no cold, yet Pride oft takes a fal;  
Both which are true in this our finical  
Proud Mrs. *Minx* fair Madams waiting maid;  
For though she went like her spruce Dame arraid  
In her cast gowns, bare, all the neck and breast  
Down to the shoulders, and sometimes the rest;  
Yet took no cold, pride and lust kept her warm  
Though she went stript up above half the arm.  
Yet did the pride of this She-goat at last  
Catch a shrewd fal, for by a stumbling cast  
I'th' Lobby room her heels flew 'bove her head  
And so she broke her elboe 'gainst the bed.  
Yet though she fel her belly rise: what else?  
Pride naturally when 'tis at lowest swels.

---

*On three Knights without spurs.*

Sir *Iohn* in's spurs no rowels had, because  
There was no need, his horse twice roweld was:  
Sir *George* but one spur wore, for if one side  
Will go, to'ther wil follow he reply'd:  
I askt Sir *Lancelot* why no spurs he wore?  
Because saies he, a free horse needs no spur.  
If spurs shew Knights and Horsemen; then I fear  
'Mongst them was neither Knight or Chivalier.

## Epigrams.

65

*On Copernicus his opinion who thought  
the earth went round.*

IN vain did *Drake* with pains the Earth sail round,  
Here's one could do it easier on the ground.

---

*On Doctour Love-Self.*

Love-Self when th' Plague in *London* reigned fore,  
Grown rich himself shuts up and wu'd no more  
When most his help was wanted : it seems then  
Hee'd not his patients keep as married men  
Must keep their wives in Sicknes and in Health,  
Such is the fearful cowardize of wealth.  
Though thou with th' Plague would'st nothing ha' to do,  
A Plaguy cunning Doctour yet wer't thou.

---

*To my smal friend with a great beard.*

THy face and self are smal, but large thy beard :  
Lop't off ! thy wood wil hide thee I'm afferd.

---

*To Ignorant Zoile.*

Zoile I am told you pish and pough, when e'r  
You any do my lines commending hear :

66

## Epigrams.

Pish on ! 'cause you stil in the wrong place pish,  
Asperging most the best, as I could wish.

---

*To the Reader.*

IT is enough : but if you think too much,  
Then *Reader* ! say you saw me not ! for such  
As I for writing what is bad, will you  
By others be for reading counted too.

---

SATYRS

---



# S A T Y R S.

## S A T Y R I.

### The Argument.

*Several phantastick Humors here  
Of Sea-sick minds described are,  
wedded to spend their time in vain :  
whence th' Authour woos them to refrain.*

**O**H men ! oh manners ! what a medly's this  
When each mans mind more than face diff'rent is?  
For by forms only we distinguish be  
One from another : but ! alas ! to see !  
We varie from our selves each day in mind,  
Nor know we in our selvs our selvs to find.  
Sure had *Erasmus* liv'd til now, he wu'd  
Without an *Oedipus* ne'r have understood  
The riddles of this dark phantastick age,  
Where each Ape alters with the scane the stage.  
Had I thy razour *Actius* to dissect  
These Gordian knotty humours men affect,  
I'd sharp my pen, and after steep it all  
In wormwood vinegar and Stygian gal.  
Lend me thy whip *Alecto* ! that I may  
Scourge the prepost'rous times, as Boys at play  
Do whip their eggshells ! yet don't I wel know  
Whether my anger they deserve or no,  
But rather pittie ; whether rather I  
Should with scorn laugh at them, or for them crie.  
Ev'n *Heraclitus* spleen would tickled be  
To view Welch bobbie and Garlick eat, or see

## Satyrs.

A French grenovillio fricas with young mice  
 And mushrooms mixt, or the low-dutch device  
 Of roasted sprats and Herrings, or th' Irish  
 Tough bonyclabber, or that German dish  
 Of pickled snails and tender Grasshoppers,  
 Or the Jews Locusts with their Elder ears,  
 As much as see an Assie eat thistles ; who  
 Would not admire that every Country so  
 Should vary phanseys, and thus strangely affect  
 A novell diet with their Dialect ?  
 But stomachs like our minds are sickly too,  
 Both are best pleas'd with quelquechoses vain so new.  
 So have I seen a travailld Squire discourse  
 On several sawces, spin out second course  
 With a picktooth in's mouth, and chafindish  
 To stew his raw roast fowl and codled fish,  
 Til we had lost our stomachs, and new got :  
 Learn'd in the art of eating was he not ?  
 Yet this at home most galls my patience  
 To see so humorous a difference  
 Of more phantastick giddy minds that draw  
 Like Mules and Oxen each another way.  
 Here's one writes more than some good Scholars read,  
 And quots more Authours than Pryz ever did,  
 Or in the whole world necessary be ;  
 Whilst in one Tome a Vatican thus he  
 Erects ; so have I seen a Pamphleter  
 That rails 'gainst Bishops, make his margin far  
 Exceed his senceless Thesis, whilst he swells  
 His leaf with texts of Scripture little else,  
 And those false cited or as heterogene  
 And wide from's purpose as is Po from Seine.  
 Such swarmes of scribled Rapsodies begot  
 Ragmen to enrich, Typographers, and not  
 The Understanding ; since they more distract  
 Each weakned judgement, wu'd they were by Act  
 Condemn'd to flames ! Learning is more profound  
 When in few solid Authours 't may be found.



## Satyrs.

A few good books digested wel do feed  
 The mind, much cloyes or doth ill humours breed.  
*Seempol* sets down in his *Ephemeris*  
 The trifles of each how'rs vain exercise,  
 Toys that should be *Ephemera* indeed  
 Dying the same day they were born and bred.  
 Things of so smal concern or moment, who  
 Would stuffe his Diarie with, or care to know ?  
 As what he wore, thought, laugh't at, where he walkt,  
 When farted, where he pist, with whom he talkt.  
*Memento's* more ridiculous than those  
 The City Chronicler made at Lord Mayors shows ;  
 As who his Hinchboys were, who way'd the sword,  
 Who brought the Custard to his *Honours* boord,  
 What year a Lyon whelpt i'th' Tower dy'd,  
 Pepper or corn was dear, whose child bestride  
 Each gilt Colossus Pageant in Cheapside,  
 Or in what year *Bartholomie* Fair forbid.  
 (Whereas Historians only things of weight,  
 Results of Persons or affairs of State,  
 Briefely with truth, and cleernes should relate)  
*Laconick* shortness memorie feeds. I hate  
 A long spun story of one drawn toth' stake  
 Would reach from *Newgate* to *Smithfield*, and make  
 The martyr'd reader sweat as much or more  
 Than *Latimer* i'th' flames, with a bald score  
 Of phars'd (*Quoth he's*) in every page at least,  
 As without them 'twere not to be exprest.  
 But *Dulman* barren of invention, wears  
 His time and books in reading only. Here's  
 Squire *Topas* spends his daies in killing flies,  
 And like *Domitian* such a drone he dies.  
 Rare was th' Italians Art, who writ so smal  
 Three pence hid *Pater Noster*, *Creed* and all ;  
 And made our *Charls* but half way drawn to shine  
 With most Majestick Holyness when each line  
 Of th' admir'd purtrait breath'd such heav'nly flames,  
 That the smal piece spoke all the Reading Psalms,

## 4

## Satyrs.

Without a magnifying glafs what eie  
 Could yet discern the letter'd Phynomic ?  
 Oh most laborious losse of time ! So rare  
*Callicrates* his Ivorie Emmets were,  
 With's Elegiack verses writ so smal  
 That a Hart cherrystone contain'd them all ;  
 As *Homers Iliads* in a nutshel were ;  
 Th' whole world describ'd in a young Orenge sphere.  
*Archytas* wooden dove *Agellins* nam'd, \* *Bartas les*  
 Or that same wooden Eagle \* *Bartas* fam'd, *jour. 1.*  
 Or th' Iron flie his *Salust* mentions, *semain.*  
*Regiomontanus* his Inventions :  
*Ælians* rig'd ship or his *τέθριππα* made  
 So little that they each might be convey'd  
 Under a Bees smal wing unseen, what are  
 They all but witty trifles ? sans compare  
 Industrious follies ? who would loose so much  
 Dear precious time to be accounted such  
 A precious indefatigable Assie ?  
*Pantagons* art sure no lesse subtile was  
 Who muzzled fleas and gold chains made to lead  
 Them captiv'd in. But oh my sides and head  
 Would ake with laughter, should I muster all  
 Such vain *Sysphian* toils. Yet must I cal  
 To mind *Belanch*, who as ill spent his time  
 I'th' mysterie of moustraps and birdlime.  
 These fond *κατατοπυρία* labours were  
 By *Alexander* witt'ly scoffed, where  
 To one who on a needles point each time  
 Could throw a pea, he gave a peck of them.  
 Our time was lent us to be employd in high  
 And nobler Projects, not thus fruitleslie.  
 Yet better tis thus to mispend it stil,  
 Than nought to do, or what is worser, il.  
 Wel then ! —————  
 Since each mans humour is his minds delight,  
 Let him persue't ! mine is to laugh at it.



## SATYR 2.

---

### The Argument.

*A Female Synod is conven'd  
Of holy Sisters that pretend  
To Sanctitie in dress and show,  
But are discover'd nothing so.*

**H**El and damnation ! what Imposture's this ?  
A She white linnen Saint without, yet is  
Incarnate Devil : i't not that same Fiend  
Was found besieg'd by her Apostle friend  
In *Antlin's* porch the other morn ? before  
The Sexton rose they 'ad knocking forc't the door,  
Had not the grave disturber of dead bones  
And bells, there stumbled o'r them both at once.  
Out you unhallow'd whore ! is this the way  
To enter heav'n at thy streight gate I pray ?  
D'you sanctifie your Cuckold dormant ? must  
Your mother Church be bawd to goatish lust ?  
Yet goes she in and sitting prays and hears  
With as observing eies, attentive ears  
The Lecture, as the holiest Matron there :  
As though her cleanstarcht handkerchieve was ne'r  
With close embraces rump'd. Oh what front  
Of impudence that sex can put upon't !  
As smee'd suck in nothing that day but grace,  
Mark how she eies the Preacher in the face !  
Able to stare suspicion thence ! as I  
Have seen hoarse ranting *Gape* with stedfast eie,  
Boldly out-face a petty *lurie*, when  
The ludge was after dinner sleeping. Then

H 5

She

## 6

## Satyrs.

She having glean'd in her spruce table book  
 Such crums of comfort as the *Caiaphas* took  
 First upon trust, with the next Sisterhood  
 'Mongst marrow bones and other lustie food,  
 She scatters them for breakfast, where must be  
 The moyling Priest (for 'tis not fit that he  
 Should spend his lungs, oyl, labour too in vain :)  
 Great pleasures justly do attend great pain.  
 Their bellies fill'd like windstufte bagpipes, so  
 Their squeaking Organs must be going too :  
 Such strange disputes here controverted be  
 Would puzzle a Scotch-lay-Presbyterie.  
 Whether that *Bigamie* been't as lawful now  
 As 'twas 'tofore ? Speak Sister *Ruth* ! we know  
 You have two husbands now, besides that one  
 Who next stands fairly in election.  
 Truly and verily, I professe you may,  
 How should the Church be built up else, I pray ?  
 Her doctrine *Hannah* did approve, and doubt  
 Whether not in the Church as well as out  
 Women might speak ? the Priest resolv'd they should  
 Speak out as much and often as they would,  
 But never in. A Female Synod is  
 Resolv'd on to convene : the way was this ;  
 Each truth-inspired She forthwith to meet  
 Either in *Marklane* or near *Criplegate*,  
 In *Eutichus* the *Taylours* chamber, there  
 Each Monday 'bout Religion to conferre.  
 Th' Assembly meets and sits : a pretty sight  
 Fair smooth chin'd Gospellers in aprons white :  
 Cathedral lawn not half so learned is.  
 No *Prolocutour* here was made, I wis :  
 They were all speakers. First grave *Abigail*  
 The Sempstresse having first pronounc'd them all  
 A holy Convent : damned in one word  
*Arminians* with their books to fire and sword.  
 Such Tyrants women are : when they in stead  
 Of distaffs scepters take, they'l rule their head.

Peace

## Satyrs.

7

Peace ! Peace ! said busie *Martha*, we not know  
 Nor the *Sbe-Burgers* in *Geneva* how  
 These *Schollards* tenets to confute : let's talk  
 Of things we better understand, and balk  
 Their Heathnish Problems ! I had rather know  
 Whether the world in ninty seav'n or no,  
 (As *Hoord* affirms) shal be dissolv'd ? for this  
 More fit and to be known more easie is.  
 My husband's now about some land to buy  
 And I'd not have him throw't away said she ;  
 By no means let him do't, said *Sarah*, no :  
 But rather in Reversion let him 'stow  
 His money at that fatal period, when  
 The world for certein must dissolve, for then  
 Th' earth for a thousand years shal leased be  
 To us the Saints for little, saied She.  
 To quit this was a learned Quære made,  
 By a thin antiquated Chambermaid,  
 Run mad with reading *Dod* and *Broughton*, where  
 She scruples whether *Aarons* Ephod were  
 Of the skie colour or seawater green ;  
 The dyers all of *Amsterdam* have been  
 Long in dispute about the question.  
 Next the point of *Prædestination*  
 Was startled to perplex the more ; in haste  
 From this to *Freewil* these Heav'n drivers past,  
 And Squirrel-like as nimbly leapt from this  
 As o'r one bog to another wild Irish :  
 Like th' dogs that lapt at *Nilus* seav'nfold stream  
 They lick the fouds now they have troubled them ;  
 Or as young Scepticks in Philosophie  
 From Air to Water, Fire to Earth wil flie,  
 Peripatericks in Divinitie  
 O'r all its Elements thus they likewise hie,  
 As nimbly with their tongues, as standing stil  
 O'r th' world a man in a map travel wil,  
 With's eie in one short minute, yet not know  
 Where the *Moguls* rich country stands, or how

His

## 8

## Satyrs.

His own is rul'd. In every doubt at last  
 All unresolv'd each to their homes do haste,  
 With their boss'd Bibles truss'd beneath their arms,  
 Thumb'd in the Revelation and the Psalms.  
 Bodie O death ! who should they meet at door  
 But *Grace* the waitingmaid that saltchin'd whore ?  
 Who before she the Pædagogue had wed  
 Took all preventives, and when e'r she sped  
 Toucht *Sowbread*, *Gladdon* us'd, and *Savin*, food  
 To sink her spurious and abortive brood,  
 Procur'd for her dear Madams daughters, taught  
 Them to leap oft, soon as their wombs were fraught :  
 Yet with her cloak as holy face now wears  
 Where little hair much Sanctitie appears.  
 Lord ! how she sighs in direful accents, that  
 Private affairs had made her come so late !  
 What matter ist ? How d'ee ; her quondam friend  
 Her Ladies gentle Go-before doth find  
 Her there, renews acquaintance, and thence brings  
 Her to his Laundresse private house and flings  
 Her down on the refreshing mat : the bed  
 Being ta'ne away and nothing but the sted  
 There left to hold the sport up, since the poor  
 Old Bawd her bedcloaths found too fast were wore.  
 Each met their comforters before they went  
 To their tup Cuckolds : so the day was spent.  
 But I am no Sir *Pandarus* of Troy,  
 To sent each City stop or close dequoy :  
 I am no Pimp or Constable ; if more  
 Sinners you'd find, search Bridewel ! there be store,  
 Who though they been't all sanctifi'd alike,  
 Yet are as right for the cause Catholick.

SATYR



## SATYR 3.

---

### The Argument.

*The formal breeding of an heire  
I'th' City is described here,  
Where the more formal States-man his  
Admired creature pourtraid is.*

**M**An is a laughing Creature, who in this,  
And a soul rational distinguisht is  
From brutish beasts : yet even they not have  
Like use of Reason seem they wise or grave.  
Follies in them pitty or laughter move  
In men of wiser judgement ; to reprove  
Whose open Errours with as publike smiles  
Is best : for silent pitty but beguiles  
And hardens follie by connivance ; we  
By precept and example taught must be.  
Yet both are scarce enough to instruct or wean  
Some from the Simples which they first suckt in  
With their flit nurses milk : for sure it is  
Midwives and Nurses make men fools or wise.  
Why should not *Cosmus* els that City heir,  
Whose education was the onely care  
Of his indulgent parents wiser prove ?  
For see how like a Puppet he doth move,  
Or Quarter-striker turns upon his toe,  
As in a frame when he saluteth you !  
Good manners are not bought at th' *change* or *School* :  
Art's Nature servant ; Fools wil stil be fools  
Yet wasters could he manage for Pruans wel  
At *Islington* on Sundayes, and to tel

You

## Satyrs.

You truth had learnt to dance, but that his ear  
 And he both so inapprehensive were.  
 But he is rich, hath fin'd for Sheriff twice,  
 And wears good cloathes ; yet out of them, or his  
 Mean rabsab companie, looks like what he was  
 First born and bred, that is a precious Ass.  
 So there's a river in *Boetia*  
 Wherein the fishes shine like gold they say ;  
 But taken thence look but as other frie.  
 The City seldome breeds Gentilitie  
 Til three or four discents. No Oake can be  
 Upon a Peartree graft so contrarie  
 And wide their Natures are. But see his friend  
 Whom he so often walks with to *Mele-end*,  
 The *Fencer Peregrin* that brags he can  
 Kil at *Duello* more than any man ;  
 Has rules to print the flesh, as the *Stoccata*,  
*Passada*, *Punto*, and the *Imbroccata*,  
 With more Italian postures ; by a groom,  
 Yet was disarm'd, beat and kickt out o'th' room,  
 The other Morn at th' Trumpet : could not skil  
 Guard him from such a sawcie foot as wel ?  
 Hang't, this is horse-play, saies he ; oh the sence  
 Of discreet manhood valiant patience !  
 Thus men discover'd are by th' companie  
 They keep, and throughly known : els why wou'd he  
 Delight in *Dabcock*, that Town-gul, whose nose  
 And face are as ridiculous as cloathes ?  
 Marrie to laugh at ; that himself might bee  
 Thought wiser, though God knows, but one degree.  
 As ugly Ladies waiting faces get  
 More ugly them the better off to set.  
 Many o'th' City have such properties  
 To worship them, and with forc't laughter please.  
 For is't not brave to be the best i'th' room,  
 Pay all, have all respect, and after come  
 To be admir'd by Squndrels ? *Formal* I  
 Am most incens'd with yet, whose gravity



## Satyrs.

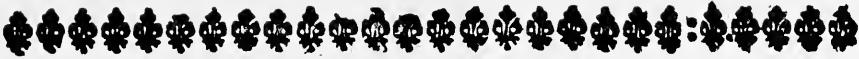
11

Outweighs all other parts, his speech is cream  
 Starcht as his beard, takes his hat off by th'brim  
 Methodically 'twixt two fingers, while  
 His face of *Essays* seldom deigns to smile;  
 Like one i'th' Isle of eggs he nicely walks,  
 Affects strange sawces, like a Sophister talks,  
 Respects none that wear worser cloathes than he,  
 And thinks himself the rare Academie;  
 More proud of 's little wit, neat hose, than e'r  
*Inceptor* was of 's gown the first whole year,  
 Loves to be eied, yet looks nor drinks below  
 The salt, seems gravely wise, is nothing so.  
 How practis'd is this policie? for most men  
 Study more how to seem judicious, than  
 To be so, herein whilst their best wisdom lies  
 To hide their follies in Scholastick guise:  
 This is a fit companion, *Cosmus* wear  
 This *Bristol* Diamond in thy copper ear!  
 'Fore him, that young proud *Statist* I must hate,  
 Whose face is all Mosaick, intricate,  
 And ful of artificial gravitie,  
 Talks to himself where e'r he goes, with eie  
 By speculation downward fixt, though he  
 Looks higher than his foretop, hopes to be  
 O'th' Privie Councel: and wil whispring tel  
 News known as doubtful as an Oracle.  
 This is that other earwig crept into  
*Cosmus* acquaintance, whom he graceth too;  
 Hee onely bids him welcome for his tongue,  
 With which he feeds him all the dinner long;  
 Lends what he asks, though he ne'r thanks him for't,  
 And hardly owns him when he comes to Court  
 Yet oft his wife he visits, swears by *Joue*  
 He'l place her at next Mask neer or above  
 The Maids of Honour, tels her too he'l get  
 Her Husband Knighted; thus his debts hee'l quit  
 While *cos.* buyes honour. Oh what Emphasis  
 And weight his words bear while 'mongst men he is!

Each

## Satyrs.

Each line he speaks looks like a *Pyramis*,  
 On whose three sides one undiscover'd is.  
 His *Janus* Hieroglyphick double front  
 Speaks him an *Oedipus* : oh out upon't !  
 The *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* not so factious were,  
 As the confused thoughts and projects here  
 In's *Machiavellian* noddle ; now he dreams  
 Waking of Crowns and Kingdoms, Stratagems  
 To subvert *Mahomet*, or for private gain  
 Patents for *Pins* or *Soape*, or els his brain  
 Sweats with Monopolies of bones, or tough  
 Calves-skins wel drest to sel for Irish Buff.  
 Passant he deign'd me once a nod and smile,  
 To be but known to these Court earwigs, I'll  
 Be sworn is ev'n as great a grace or mo  
 Than had I kist his *Holinesses* toe.  
 His *Cæsar* Hawks-nose his ambition shows,  
 While thus like *Niles* tal Crocodile he grows  
 As long as e'r he lives : he'l surely sup  
 With one o'th' Secretaries o'th' State, and up  
 With some great Lord, or other at each word,  
 To gain the audience of all the board,  
 Whom he names as familiarly, as he  
 Were his Compeer, and not his propertie.  
 His foot-boy comes and whispers him in haste;  
 The news ? I'm set, so soon as supper's past,  
 Go tel my Lord I'll wait on him. How now ?  
 A sweating Porter bring a Letter too ?  
 Directed to th'most accomplisht *Gentleman* ?  
 Oh it's from the *Lady*---he replies, the hand  
 I know, and business : wel he might, he wrote  
 The letter all himself, a pretty plot.  
 E'r he goes thence a prentice with a noat  
 Seal'd from his Creditour finds him, he opes it not,  
 But loudly tels the youth his Masters suit  
 To morrow shal be granted, that he'l do't,  
 Bids him be confident. Employ'd he is  
 In every scæne thus with new business.



## SATYR 4.

---

### The Argument.

*A Silly Zelot gets a living,  
Grows fat upon't: while Gripe by thriving  
Too fast and ill, doth dearly get  
His death; for such a balter's fit.*

**G**O search Niles deeps, and find me if you can,  
A thing so ugly as this monster man!  
I mean that lean-chopt fellow, whose white face  
And night-cap make him look like th' Ace  
Of Spades, so formal is his pickdevant,  
While hee so meagre looketh, and as wan  
As *Adam*'gainst the hedge in clay, when he  
Was set a drying fore the Sun, to be  
Inspir'd with breath: no *Ananias* e'r  
Painted on Countrie tapistrie could appear  
So Ghostly or precise; as he had fed  
On roots alone, for those he studied,  
As Hebrew with a Chaldee paraphrase,  
Or Syriack, while the Greek and Latine was!  
Prophane and modern language counted: but  
Behold his clean-starcht ruff o'th' holy cur  
And pure *Geneva* set! whose every one  
With the bright steel of Revelation  
Was throughly open'd: but to say no more,  
Most pure he was from head to foot all o'r:  
I could have wisht this Hypocrite had bin  
But half so pure, and so sincere within.  
Such hollow falshood in a Prophet guide,  
Confirms the errours of the world beside.

Did

## Saryrs.

Did he not roundly pay for's Benefice  
 By symoniack contract e'r 'twas his ?  
 Did he not wed his Patrons niece ? some say  
 Hee sprung her mine too e'r the marriage day :  
 And puts her portion now to usurie.  
 But oh ! what an egregious dunce is he ?  
 And when ordain'd examining did fear  
 More than a young thief caught, and made appear  
 Before a Justice for his first offence ;  
 But his preventive wit and impudence  
 Wrought wel with th'Bishops Chaplain I believe,  
 Whom he had fed on Ordination Eve  
 To say as th'Ordinary to th' Judge is wont,  
*Legit ut clericus*, my Lord : though he don't  
 One letter know. 'Tis usual this : while so  
 By such cheats knaves and fools get livings too.  
 But oh ! how drunk for joy hee got that night  
 I'th' Bishops sellar ! now the thankful wight  
 Having his fees discharg'd goes home, looks worse  
 Austere and graver than his Lordships horse ;  
 Wrangles and sues his neighbours, keeps no house  
 Of hospitalitie, nor gives one sou  
 Throughout the year to th'poor. *Gripe* comes to be  
 Resolv'd a case of conscience, if Usurie  
 Of ten i'th' hundred may be lawful ta'n ?  
 Yes, yes : your talent must not up be lain.  
 But to the most improved. Hear you me !  
 The tithe of all your coines encrease must be  
 Paid mee your Parson ! Nay, then *Gripe* replies,  
 I'l rather let't at nine *per cent.* as is  
 My usual course : my sows shal farrow too  
 No more than nine at a time : I wil go  
 Sel all my land, and stock, and into gold  
 Convert it for encrease ; all shal be sold  
 Before I'l give one doight away : the King  
 Sha'nt have a subsidie, the poor nothing  
 For mee. Thus *Gripe* is now a Chymist grown,  
 What he should eat, drink, wear the miching hound  
Turns

## Satyrs.

15

Turns into metal, whose each new Image  
 He sacrificing doth adore : no Age  
 E'r such a muckworm bred : he never wil  
 Marry ; children are charges, Women il.  
 Hee buyes bread, pares it, sends it back again  
 For staler, for which cause the Baker's lain  
 I'th' Pillorie : he ne'r at home wil eat;  
 But at anothers board until he sweat  
 Again, he swils like any thresher, and  
 Communion wine he drinks til's neighbours stand  
 Amaz'd, and think as if in stead of 's own  
 Hee drinking were his Saviour's health around.  
 Hee won't part with a hair, and for that cause  
 No Shaver neer him comes ; and hates the Lawes  
 'Cause they forbid ingrossing : and is dumb  
 When *cosk* wou'd borrow ; nay shou'd Christ once come  
 On Earth again, the Wretch would not lend him  
 One tester, wer't the whole world to redeem  
 Without securitie of Angels. The Jew  
 So circumcis'd his silver he was brought  
 Before the Judge to answer for his fault.  
 Hold up thy lean hand *Gripe* ! Guiltie or not ?  
 Not guiltie my good Lord : the Jurie that  
 Shal trie. These clippings all I found  
 In's trunk. 'Twas but to make the money round,  
*Gripe* pleads, which first the coyners did neglect ;  
 Onely Rix dollars which I did elect  
 'Cause they were too square, and broad, for that respect  
 Hence take him Jaylour ! oh the sad effect  
 Of covetizing ! Can't I ransom'd be ?  
 Take all my goods ! save but my life and me.  
 No : sentence is past : how the hangman swears  
 And curses 'cause no better cloathes he wears.

F I N I S.













821.4

H438c

1970

c. 2

Clarastella, together with Poems Main/2  
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